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Paintings by Modest Stein

Heroines of Literature

Lady Rowena

Read John Erskine's Story On Next Page

The Two Women in Ivanhoe's Life

Cedric Orders His Son to Forget About the Fair Rowena, but Ivanhoe Refuses and Is Disinherited and Turned Out of the House.

By John Erskine

ROWENA is the heroine of "Ivanhoe," the novel that Sir Walter Scott published in 1819.

For six years he produced with amazing speed the stories of Scottish life which established his fame—"Waverly," 1814; "Guy Mannering," 1815; "Old Mortality," 1816; "Rob Roy," 1817; "The Heart of Midlothian," 1818; "The Bride of Lammermoor," 1819.

"Ivanhoe" was his first novel about England, and Rowena was his first English heroine.

The Scottish stories were made out of material known and loved from boyhood. Scott wrote them in a spontaneous outpouring. By comparison the composition of "Ivanhoe" was the result of study and thought.

The enormous popularity of the novel began with English readers, who liked an English hero, and an English heroine, and that extremely English band of patriotic brigands, the forest outlaws.

"Ivanhoe" remains a great story today, especially in the scene of the archery match and in the siege of the castle, with Rebecca, from her perilous station, giving the wounded Ivanhoe a blow by blow report of the fight.

The story coincides with the return of Richard-the-Lion-Hearted from captivity on the Continent after his exploits in the Holy Land.

His treacherous brother John intended that Richard should never return, but the heroic king escaped from his dungeon, made his way back to England, concealed himself for a while among the forest outlaws, and emerged at the end of Scott's novel to resume his throne.

Scott wished the forest outlaws and Richard to represent on two levels the sturdy English love of justice and order. But however glamorous Richard may be, it is hard to make much of his record as a statesman. Scott didn't even try.

In "Ivanhoe" Richard is useful to the plot chiefly because he was admired by the English, who considered him their ideal leader even though he was one of the conquering and hated Norman race.

Ivanhoe was the son of Cedric, a wealthy Saxon of ancient lineage, who refused to accept the customs and the language of the Normans. In his own household he preserved as much as he could of the civilization he knew was passing.

His niece Rowena was his ward. He wished her to marry Athelstane, who was descended from the oldest and best Saxon stock, but Rowena could not overlook the fact that Athelstane, though large and muscular, had not much energy and no mind at all.

She loved Cedric's son, Ivanhoe, and Ivanhoe loved her, but his stubborn old father, bent on joining the family line with that of Athelstane, commanded his son to put Rowena out of his thoughts and look for a wife elsewhere.

When Ivanhoe refused to obey orders, Cedric disinherited him and showed him the door.

Ivanhoe went to the Crusades in King Richard's train, covered himself with honor, and returned to England disguised as a palmer or pilgrim, at the moment when Richard appeared among the outlaws in the forest.

Just why Ivanhoe had to keep his return secret, the story does not make clear. From the money-lender, Isaac of York, he obtained a horse and arms to fight in the tournament at Ashby.

He won the tournament but received a severe wound, from which he was nursed back to health by Rebecca, Isaac's daughter. Why Rowena did not recognize him when he rose on the tourney field, it is difficult to understand unless medieval armor changed completely those who wore it.

The portrait of Rowena convinces us of her good looks, but hardly suggests that she had much more energy of character than Athelstane. In the crises of the story Scott gives her little to do. Since she makes no heroic decisions, her personality suffers in comparison with the wonderful Rebecca, and many a reader has wished that Scott had made Isaac's daughter the heroine of the novel.

Scott realized that this would happen, and in the preface to the novel, after explaining why he was now writing a story of England rather than of Scotland, he tells us why he married Ivanhoe off to Rowena instead of giving him to Rebecca, who was a real person.

Novelists, like other artists, he wrote, must avoid being typed. He now wrote about England because he had already written so much about Scotland.

Undoubtedly Rebecca was the great character in the story, but part of her greatness, Scott said, came from complete unselfishness. What she did for Ivanhoe was "all for love and nothing for reward."

If at the close of the story she could have married Ivanhoe, her long sacrifice would have been ended and her character would have seemed, perhaps, less admirable, certainly less romantic and less pathetic.

Furthermore, marriage between her and Ivanhoe would have been incredible in the Middle Ages: After all, the book was intended to be historical, even though there is a good deal of fantasy in parts of it.

The reader likes Rowena at the end of the story, when she meets and talks with Rebecca for the first and last time. Each woman has considerable curiosity to see what the other is like. Rebecca comes off very well from the interview, as we should expect. So does Rowena.

But Walter Scott was a canny artist. He knew better than to put Rowena in a scene where the really romantic characters of the story should also be present. Rowena for a few minutes might hold her own with Rebecca, but what if Richard-the-Lion-Hearted had come in, or Ivanhoe?

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

RECIPE for a "Lazy Monday"

Take a big wash, add Duz—and you have the easiest washday you can imagine! That's because Duz is *one* great soap that does *all* your Monday wash—does it fast and clean and safe!

You can't buy a soap that beats Duz at getting out dirt! Duz gets even the grimiest overalls *clean*, even the dingiest towels *white*. Yet Duz is *safer* for colors—even pretty rayon undies—than any other "big-name" washday package soap!

Try Duz for your toughest wash! Once you do, you'll want those soapy-rich Duz suds for *all* your wash, *every* week—'cause *Duz does Everything!*

1 DUZ DOES EVEN YOUR DINGIEST TOWELS **WHITE**! NO SOAP MADE GETS WHITE THINGS WHITER!
2 DUZ DOES EVEN THE GRIMIEST OVERALLS **CLEAN**! NO SOAP CAN OUTDO DUZ AT GETTING OUT DIRT!
3 YET DUZ IS **SAFER** FOR COLORS —EVEN PRETTY RAYON UNDIES— THAN ANY OTHER LEADING WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP!

DUZ does Everything

—and I mean Everything!

Among the DUZens of things Mrs. F. Pearce Danque of Elmira Heights, N. Y., washes with Duz are her daughter's white ballet slippers! You can't buy a soap that gets white things whiter than Duz!

A DUZtinct success for keeping her coal-miner husband's work clothes clean as clean can be, says Mrs. Carol DuBois, Otsego, Ohio. *No* wash is too tough for rich Duz suds! *No* soap beats Duz at getting out dirt!

It's inDUZpensable in her home for dishes and housework, writes Mrs. E. S. Colman of Dousman, Wis. Those fluffy Duz suds cut the hardest, toughest grease *fast*—yet they're mighty *kind* to your hands!

BATTLING Beauties

By Joan King Flynn

THE belligerent beauty, Mary Kirk Brown, who learned about prize-fighting — and romance — from Max Baer, recently defended her title as one of America's most Battling Belles in Madison Square Garden.

It was strictly an impromptu match. Charlie Fusari and Tony Pellone were the main event, but the five times married Mary stole the spotlight from the professional fighters when she became involved in an altercation with another ringside spectator, Betty Bunetta, 26, of Passaic, New Jersey.

Mary's no stranger to the boxing game. Max Baer taught her some of its tricks over 12 years ago, during the days of her hectic romance with the former heavyweight champion. She was then 21; had divorced two husbands and had three more to go.

She had demonstrated her punching prowess before in cafe society set-tos, but this was her first conflict in Madison Square Garden.

The odds were against her. Mary lost her decision. She didn't even get a chance to throw a punch, but did manage to get in a few well-aimed kicks at the policeman who escorted her out of the Garden.

Much against her wishes, Mary was booked at a near-by police station on disorderly conduct charges, filed by Betty. Two hours later, Mary, who has a Park Avenue address, posted $500 bail and was released.

Next day Mary apologized and Betty forgave her. The charges were dismissed. To give a feminine flavor, Mary kissed her opponent.

The bout had a happy ending for Betty. Local merchants of her home-town, Passaic, persuaded her to resign her job as secretary to the Police Commissioner and become a model.

It was Mary Kirk's first flare-up in a long time.

"I would have given my right arm if it hadn't happened," she said, when asked for her version of the unscheduled bout. "But that girl was sitting across the aisle and every time I'd root for Pellone, she'd tell me to shut up.

"Finally, I got sick of it. 'Who are you to tell me to shut up?', I said. 'This is a free country and I can root for whomever I want to'."

Pellone was the victor. Whether Mary's vociferous support aided him is a moot question. After the main fight was over, the two girls and their companions each went their separate ways—in the direction of the dressing rooms. Mary to see Pellone and Betty to visit Fusari. They met in the hall.

"When she saw me, she started abusing me again," Betty related in telling her side of the story. "I called an officer." Before Mary could count ten, she was in the arms of the law.

It's only on rare occasions lately that Mary Kirk Brown displays her old fire.

"I have a lot of talent for getting myself in trouble," she told a reporter after the Garden incident, "but I have a faculty of telling the truth — even if it gets me in trouble.

"I'm a simple, ordinary person. There's nothing phony about me. I guess I made my mistakes in my youth, and if I had it to do over, I wouldn't have married so young — and perhaps, not so often."

Mary's madcap ways began when she was 17. After a brief stay at Washington Seminary, she took a fling at modeling, but gave it up to marry Jackson V. Anderson, an Atlanta socialite. That was short-lived.

Nicknamed "Toadie" by her family, Mary Kirk Brown Anderson Martyn Seymour Kelly White is an only child, and has no children of her own. She comes by her beauty from her thrice-married mother, Mrs. Leon Loewenstein.

Mary had already discarded her second husband, Bobby Martyn, half-Cuban, half-American scion of a banking fortune, when she started going with Max Baer in Florida.

She was his companion during the glamour and excitement of his heavyweight champion days.

Three months after Mary was legally free from Martyn in 1935, however, Maxie married Mary Ellen Sullivan.

When the Baers separated briefly several years later, Maxie and Mary Kirk were again seen together a few times in night clubs — then Maxie returned to his wife and children.

In the six-year period that followed, Mary was married and divorced three times. First, Billy Seymour, a California jeweler, on Feb. 5, 1936. A month later she left him.

On Christmas Eve, 1938, she married Bob Kelly in Florida. In a few months she was divorced again. At the end of 1941, she wed Joseph Anselmo White, proprietor of a New York restaurant and bar.

Then, only a short while later they were divorced.

She hasn't married since.

After the dust had settled on the Madison Square Garden encounter, Betty had this to say about Mary:

"I don't hold a grudge against her. I don't think she's very happy. She's escaping from something. A woman who's been divorced five times couldn't be very happy. I feel sorry for her."

Friends of Mary Kirk say she has never gotten over her love for Baer, and that it's haunted her life. All the men she married ran to his type —dark, handsome and brawny. Last year when Baer made a New York nightclub appearance as an entertainer, Mary Kirk was seen frequently among the audience.

When asked recently if she would marry again, the Battling Belle said wistfully: "Frankly, I don't know."

The Morning After the Big Fight. Mary (Left) and Betty Kiss and Make Up After Mary's Apology and the Withdrawal of Betty's Charges.

HARD UP *Aristocrats*

THE king's cousin needed dresses so she overdrew her bank account. The earl was unexpectedly delayed on a trip and patronized the black market in francs. So did the duke's daughter, who "wanted to help a sick friend." The magistrate was fined in his own court for financing his honeymoon illegally.

Money, which used to be strictly a bore to the British upper classes, has suddenly assumed tremendous importance to those who travel, even among the nobility. All over the world Britain's titled and otherwise notable personages are getting into jams because the nation's currency regulations restrict them to $300 a year for use abroad.

Outstanding among those who have discovered that money doesn't appear magically at the whisk of a pen is Lady Iris Mountbatten, who has close blood ties not only to the British royal family but also to Princess Elizabeth's future consort.

Iris, a Junoesque blonde, arrived in America a year ago with $300 and the announced intention of finding buyers for a lot of India's exotic handicrafts, including 24-karat gold brocade at $320 a yard.

Since plenty of the best families were anxious to entertain her, her money didn't go very fast, but neither did the items she hoped to sell. In Washington she encountered a dance studio manager who offered her $2,000 to teach dancing for three months. She accepted.

It was worth $5,000 to a cosmetics firm to have her endorse its products and a chewing gum manufacturer paid her well for telling the public, via car cards and posters handsomely emblazoned with her likeness, that his chicle was "in good taste."

Somehow these windfalls vanished rapidly and Iris soon had only a few dollars in her bank account. In other years she could have cabled home for funds, but that was impossible now. She saw some dresses she liked in a Washington shop and wrote three checks totalling $185. They bounced.

When she was arrested a few days later in New York, she explained that a British bank would have honored her overdraft and allowed her to pay when she got around to it. Friends made the checks good and the dress shop proprietor dropped the charge, but the damage had been done. The Immigration Department suddenly realized that Iris had overstayed her visitor's permit and also had violated it by taking a job. She was asked to leave the country she said she had learned to love.

Other Britons who committed monetary indiscretions didn't get off so lightly. Fines in England for currency violations already exceed a half million dollars and four hundred cases are still to be heard. The culprits range from vacationing clerks and stenographers to peers who, before the war, were accustomed to spending half their time and fortunes abroad.

Most of the offenses were due to the blandishments of a shadowy Parisian named "Black Max" Intrator, whose countless agents range the continent, beguiling Britishers into using predated checks for which they receive black market francs.

Lady Daphne Russell, 27-year-old daughter of the Duke of Bedford, cashed three of them and used the money, she said, to pay the medical expenses of a sick friend as well as to repair her automobile. She was fined $5,600.

It was an American soldier who involved the Earl of Warwick and Sir Edmund Crane, a wealthy manufacturer. Their checks were among black market securities which the GI was attempting to smuggle from France into Switzerland.

The earl explained that he hadn't taken any money with him when he went to Southern France because he had expected to stay with his brother, but he was delayed by an air crash and found nobody home when he arrived. It was either cash a check or starve, he said, but an unsympathetic court assessed him $4,800. Even at that he did comparatively well, because Sir Edmund was fined $39,200.

Magistrate Alexander Ward of Hungerford, Berkshire, was a very embarrassed jurist when he had to pay a $1,000 fine in his own court for cashing $700 worth of checks along the Riviera. His excursion, he admitted blushingly, was a honeymoon.

So far no one has had to go to jail for evading the currency restrictions but Captain Percival Harvey, a prominent member of Lloyds, came very close. During a tour of France he and his wife had cashed 25 checks for a total of $32,000. The wife was fined $13,200 and Captain Harvey was given a three-month jail term plus a $35,000 fine. After lengthy legal maneuvering, the jail sentence was suspended.

Payment of a gambling debt is an obligation that no self-respecting Englishman would be expected to dodge, but it cost Sir Stephenson Hamilton Kent $6,000 extra to preserve his honor. He was fined that much for issuing checks to pay his losses in the casino at Monte Carlo.

A valuable motorboat which had been seized by the Italians during the war finally came back into the possession of Woolf Barnato, financier and one of Britain's most noted racing motorists. French mechanics repaired it. Barnato bought 250,000 francs in Monaco to pay their bill. The transaction was discovered and Barnato was fined $2,500.

Colonel Neville Tufnell, former gentleman usher to the king, obtained the same amount of francs from the same source while he was in Monaco, but when he explained that he had distributed most of the money to friends who were in even more destitute circumstances than he, the judge let him off with a $400 fine.

The job of apprehending finance finaglers has been given to Scotland Yard. Its operatives have been so busy checking the expenditures of Britons abroad that stay-at-home professional crooks aren't as uneasy as they used to be.

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

All Over the European Continent, Agents Have Been Cashing Pre-Dated Checks for Hard-Pressed Britishers—With Black Market Francs.

The Killer

By John Dienhart and Gene Coughlin

TODAY'S rainbow over Chicago is the great promise of sunny skies and clear weather after a storm; a storm that threatened to engulf and even destroy the city not so long ago.

Chicago has never lacked a leader.

Mayor Martin Kennelly is today's leader, commanding an army of citizens in a fight against organized vice, corruption and other evil influences trying to prevent the great city from living up to its motto: I Will!

The leader of yesteryear was a street sweeper. He had an army too. An army of thugs, gunmen, panderers and sadists who succeeded—for a while—in changing Chicago's motto from I Will to I Don't Care.

Fortunately for Chicago, the forces for good overcame the forces for evil. But it has been a struggle; a long, trying battle that took courage, persistence and a community spirit seldom equalled.

The Chicago Switching District handles approximately 45,000 freight cars daily, or more than that handled in New York City and St. Louis combined.

The struggle began back in the early 1900s when Jim Colosimo was supposedly sweeping South Wabash avenue, near 22d street. In those days, what with ward bosses and the antiquated patronage system, street cleaners need only make a gesture at keeping the city clean. It's different now, under Mayor Kennelly. They work.

Jim Colosimo, newly arrived from Sicily, made his one gesture for the day, leaned on his broom, and burst into song.

Victoria Monesco, leaning on her upstairs window sill across the street, heard it, and appreciated both singer and song. She whistled at the street sweeper and beckoned. Jim Colosimo dropped his broom and went upstairs.

Victoria was well set up, physically and financially. She owned four disorderly houses, including the infamous House of All Nations, and she wanted a good man to help her run the business.

Chicago has grown from 50 residents to 3,450,000 in 114 years, a record of growth unequalled by any other city in the world.

In her mind, Jim Colosimo was the man. Two weeks after he climbed the stairs to meet her they were married; a marriage made in Hell, as it turned out. With the marriage, Colosimo took over the management of the brothels and, after inspecting the books, announced he wasn't happy with the proceeds.

"We got to get bigger," Big Jim said. "You stay home, keep house. I will take care of business."

He started expanding in five directions. He took over the Italian national lottery and established wholesale gambling in suburban Cicero so that when Al Capone "took over" a few years later he found the suburb neatly and profitably organized.

COLOSIMO took over the illegal wine industry. He bought grapes by the carload, farmed them out to Sicilian families, and sold the wine without bothering to pay the government tax.

He took over the padrone system, importing immigrants and hiring them out as laborers with Colosimo getting a dollar for every dime he spent on them and he ran the white slave system which supplied girls for Vi.

Finally, he took over a building at 2126 South Wabash avenue and opened his own cafe—Colosimo's Restaurant—and made it a world leader in the matter of famous names, foods and wines.

Frisco, the wit of Broadway and Hollywood, was a fixture.

There, at Colosimo's, you might find the late Critic Percy Hammond, with his friends Ethel and Jack Barrymore. Or the handsome Greiners, Art and Dick, or Nat Goodwin.

Chicago is the world's greatest furniture market.

There too, at Colosimo's Restaurant, you would find such patrons of the opera as Harold McCormick and Ganna Walska, or Samuel Insull or Sid Weinman, who invented the art of treating with magnums on the house.

The late Robert Lee, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, married a girl off Colosimo's floor. Her name was Virginia Kibbe and, like all the girls in Big Jim's floor shows, she was a lady. Colosimo's was not just the hottest spot in town. It was one of the gayest places in the world.

Colosimo's LaSagna was an epicure's dream. It took the chef hours to prepare his specialties. His risotto aux truffles was made with imported small dark Italian tomatoes, saffron tinted rice, blended with butter and parmesan in which nestled truffles from Perigard.

His restaurant served two purposes. He got to meet the famous people, wine them and dine them. And, in the backroom, he could meet and talk business with his agents in the murderous underworld which he was setting up.

Because of his numerous and expanding interests, Colosimo needed an assistant, a first lieutenant. He got him in the person of Johnny Torrio, Victoria's nephew, from New York's notoriously rugged Five Points.

"Big Jim Sat Entranced, Rooted in His Chair Long After Her Golden Notes Had Died. He Fell in Love With His New Star."

Chicago is the nation's medical center, with 80 major hospitals and five internationally known Class A medical schools.

Torrio turned out to be a good field general but his numerous errands kept him too busy to double as a bodyguard—and Big Jim thought he needed one. Threats and demands were being made upon him and his rackets daily, and the Mafia, Sicilian extortionist organization, had him worried. So, one day, he said to Torrio:

"Maybe, Johnny, you need more help? For the protecting of me?"

Johnny Torrio mopped his brow and said yes, maybe.

Colosimo went to New York and came back with a bulging young man he introduced as Al Brown. Contrary to general opinion and belief, he did not import Frankie Yale, or Uale. Yale was a New Yorker who left his city only briefly—to kill a specified man for money.

Al Brown's real name was Al Capone. He seemed to brood quite a bit and was self-conscious about a scar on his left cheek, but Colosimo felt better when he was around.

Colosimo taught Capone to use his latest invention, the sawed-off shotgun, with barrels only a few inches long. Al Capone admired it because it could be hid beneath a coat. And it was easy to use in the backseat of an automobile, when the target to be spattered was a victim, all unsuspecting, riding in the front seat.

When Capone wasn't needed to "take care" of the Colosimo enemies, he served as bouncer and lookout man at the Four Deuces, a notorious dive

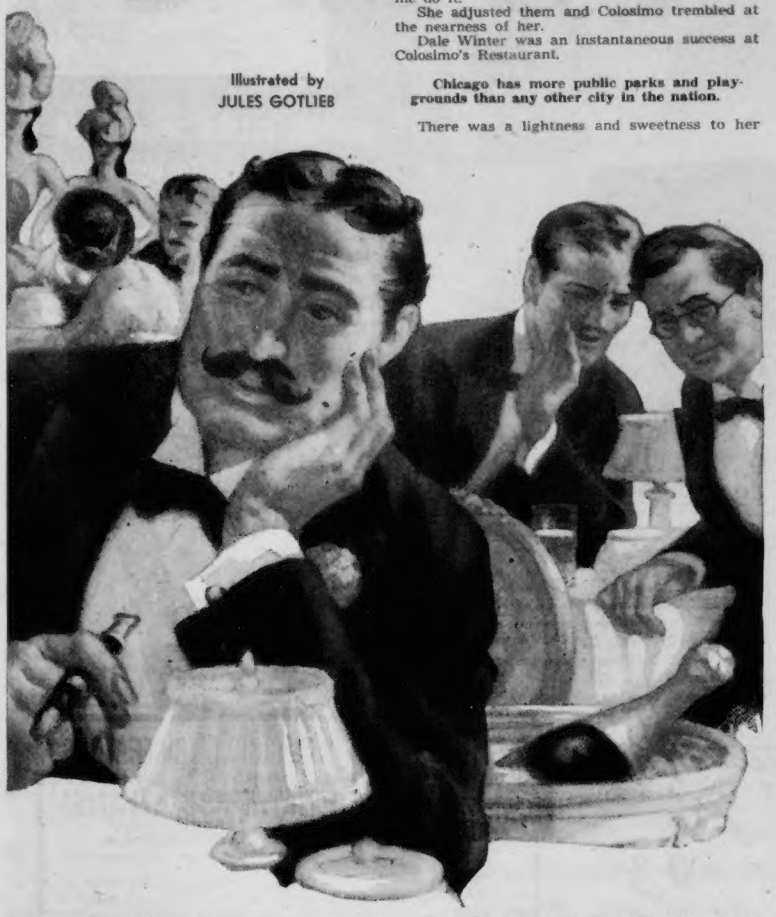
Rainbow over CHICAGO

a few steps away at 2222 South Wabash avenue.

Those were the days, and nights, when the Mafia's sawed-off shotgun victims were deposited by dozens at Death Corner, Milton avenue and Oak street.

Those were the days and nights before the era of Mayor Martin Kennelly and the New Chicago. Today, or tonight, Chicago is so well and honestly policed that Chicagoans and Chicago visitors have no fear of muggers.

With the acquisition of Al Brown, alias Capone,



Illustrated by
JULES GOTLIEB

Big Jim Colosimo could, and did, relax. Victoria, his wife, stayed home.

One night, as Colosimo played host in his cafe, a newspaper columnist pulled him into a corner.

The columnist, Jack Lait, now a notable writer and editor, discovered a singing find.

Chicago's 10,250 manufacturing firms produce $10,400,000,000 worth of goods annually.

Jack had found her singing in a South Side church, had written a story about her, and printed her picture. She was from Australia, she needed work, she was only 17, desperately poor and discouraged. If she had a chance to sing at the famous Colosimo's—

The expansive Colosimo said yes, sure, he would give her an audition the next day.

There is nothing colder, bleaker, than a night club on a wintry afternoon. That was when Dale Winter arrived, with Jack Lait as her sponsor.

She sang. While Jim Colosimo opened and closed his jeweled hands, she fingered the $3 in her purse, her entire bank account.

"Is Okay, Miss," Colosimo said. "You are hired. Come in tomorrow and we will talk money."

The three of them sat and talked for a while and it occurred to Colosimo all at once he had to go to the opera. He began the task of fixing his studs in his starched shirt; a task for which he was emotionally unfitted at the moment, and Dale Winter took them from his big hand.

"Please, sir," the lovely 17-year-old said. "Let me do it."

She adjusted them and Colosimo trembled at the nearness of her.

Dale Winter was an instantaneous success at Colosimo's Restaurant.

Chicago has more public parks and playgrounds than any other city in the nation.

There was a lightness and sweetness to her young voice that enchanted the critics and the sophisticated audience.

Big Jim sat entranced, rooted in his chair long after her golden notes had died. He fell in love with his new star.

It was a romance of two worlds. Young and innocent Dale Winter was happy because she was pleasing the patron and the boss. To her, Colosimo was a benign patron who employed the finest teachers to develop her career.

Colosimo never told her of his double dealing; his sinister and sordid operations in vice, gambling, bootlegging and the murders by which he ruled.

He didn't tell her about his sawed-off shotgun, nor about his perfecting the "friendly" murder in which the victim thought he was with his pals, right up to his last second on earth.

He didn't tell her why no victim, his body riddled with buckshot, was ever found near 22d and Wabash. That would be too near the seat of his kingdom and his glittering cafe. Bodies were dumped on the North Side.

He didn't tell her how, when a foe was elected to die, he was ushered into a Colosimo automobile, given a reassuring pat on the back and the invitation:

"How's about a ride, pal? Just to get some air?"

They took the ride, usually with the victim sitting next the driver in the front seat, the third member of the party in the back seat with a Colosimo Special, or sawed-off shotgun, in his lap.

Chicago has the largest forest preserve system in the world.

Invariably three started out on the ride and two came back.

Invariably the body of the victim would be found the next morning at Milton and Oak streets on the North Side, far from Colosimo's Restaurant.

After more than 30 bodies had been found there in the space of a couple of years, the locale was christened Death Corner.

Today, under Mayor Martin Kennelly's administration, it is a miniature Happy Hollow. Boys and girls play games at Milton and Oak streets secure in the knowledge that they won't make the gruesome discovery—the finding of another victim of gangland warfare.

DALE WINTER knew nothing of Jim Colosimo's nefarious activities. She didn't know that Colosimo, in late December of 1919, had told Victoria he wanted a divorce. Victoria was forced to give it to him. He, in turn, was magnanimous. Colosimo gave her a fortune in money, an equal fortune in jewels, and said good-by to the woman who had taken him off the streets and away from his broom.

Two days after the decree was granted, Jim Colosimo and Dale Winter, his Songbird, were married in Indiana. They had a perfect married life—for a few weeks.

Then, on the morning of May 11, 1920, Colosimo received the telephone call. His bride could hear only his answers:

"Yeh. Sure. Be right down."

He dressed hurriedly and went to his cafe. Mrs. Dale Winter Colosimo never did learn who had called him. She knew only that it must have come from a trusted friend because Big Jim did not ask for the services of Johnny Torrio or his bodyguards.

He went alone to his rendezvous with death.

He was found alone, an hour later, in the foyer of Colosimo's restaurant. There were bullet wounds behind his ear, no life in the body.

His bride, turned widow, sat for two days and three nights at his bier.

After the funeral she told his attorneys she wished to keep only her engagement ring, the wedding ring and the name of Mrs. James Colosimo. His great fortune was to be given to the first Mrs. Colosimo, Victoria. "I am going out of here with the same little suitcase I brought in and that is all I'll take," said Dale Winter.

Dale Winter went away, to return to Chicago in the musical comedy "Irene" and gained triumphs with her singing of "My Sweet Little Alice Blue Gown."

Chicago is the world's largest musical instrument center.

Later she married Henry Duffy, theatrical producer. The marriage was an unqualified success.

Meantime, Chicago police called in and grilled 30 suspects, turned them loose. Officially, the murder of Big Jim Colosimo was never solved. The police, hampered or controlled by the underworld—this was the Chicago before the Kennelly administration—inferred murder was an economic necessity.

WHO did kill Big Jim Colosimo?

Al Capone did. Years later he boasted:

"I wiped out Colosimo. He was in love and gettin' soft. I figured it was time he got out and I stepped in. He could have all the women he wanted. When he divorced Victoria he violated the code of the Mafia. Victoria got her vengeance and I got Chicago.

"The pupil killed the teacher!"

How Al Capone stepped in and stepped up the criminal pace as set by his sponsor, Big Jim Colosimo, will be told next week in The American Weekly. It will show, by contrast, the tremendous strides the New Chicago has taken since the Colosimo-Capone rule was overturned.

$41,000 in Prizes!

Win a new GE Kitchen or $5000 cash!

- completely installed and equipped
- designed especially for your home!

OR you can have any of these wonderful General Electric units from the Grand Prize kitchen, plus the difference in cash up to $5,000.

- Refrigerator
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- Cabinets
- Ventilating Fan
- Automatic Roaster
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Plus a year's supply of Swift's Cleanser

Now you can have the kitchen you've always wanted! Complete in every detail from floor to ceiling—including redecorating and special lighting—everything you need! All designed exclusively for your home and completely installed as soon as possible after close of contest. If you don't need *complete* new equipment, you can take any part thereof and cash difference up to $5,000. Gas appliances furnished if requested.

BUT that's not all! There will be *many* winners in this sensational contest!

Major prize winners will be announced in the American Weekly.

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Just Look! 1151 Prizes in all!

Tear this out NOW!

100 GE ELECTRIC MIXERS— 2nd PRIZES

500 GE AUTOMATIC TOASTERS— 3rd PRIZES

500 GE ELECTRIC STEAM IRONS— 4th PRIZES

Big Weekly Bonus Prizes!

10 ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
(8 cubic feet maximum capacity)
EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS!

Listen to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, weekday mornings on ABC for special announcements.

1st Weekly Contest starts September 21, ends midnight, September 27
2nd Weekly Contest starts September 28, ends midnight, October 4
3rd Weekly Contest starts October 5, ends midnight, October 11
4th Weekly Contest starts October 12, ends midnight, October 18
5th Weekly Contest starts October 19, ends midnight, October 25

(use this entry blank or just write on the back of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper)

Just add a line to this jingle

Swift's Cleanser's America's finest
It's scratchless and speedier, too
It cuts all the grease in an instant

_____

(Fill in the last line to rhyme with "too." EXAMPLE: "This cleanser's for me and for you!")

*Name*_____

*P. O. Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

Read these easy rules:

1. Print or write plainly your jingle line; the last word to rhyme with the word "too" in the jingle, on the entry blank or on the reverse side of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper.

2. Your entry must contain *2* Swift's Cleanser wrappers or reasonable facsimiles thereof. If you use the back of the wrapper to write your entry, accompany it with a second Swift's Cleanser wrapper. If you use the entry blank, attach *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers. Print plainly your name and address. Mail your entry to Swift & Company, P. O. Box 1155, Chicago 90, Illinois. Send as many entries as you wish, but be sure to enclose *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers with each entry; send no money.

3. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. The judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Swift & Company.

4. Any person living in the United States, Canada and Hawaii may enter this contest — except employees of Swift & Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

5. Contest opens September 21; closes October 25, 1947. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of the closing date, and received by October 31, 1947. Entries received before midnight September 27 will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. You accept the conditions of these rules when you enter.

6. Winners of weekly prizes and the Grand Prize will be announced over Don McNeill's Breakfast Club radio program (consult your newspaper for time and station) shortly after each contest closes. Weekly prize winners are eligible for other prizes, including the Grand Prize. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Contest Clues!

Here are facts about Swift's Cleanser that may help you to compose a prize-winning jingle. When you use Swift's Cleanser you will find many more reasons why it is *America's finest*. Swift's Cleanser is speedy and scratchless! It's the *only* cleanser that gives you both instant grease cutting and scratchless cleaning. Swift's Cleanser is clean-white in color. It is odorless. It leaves no sediment. Swift's Cleanser comes in a pretty polka dot package in your choice of three colors (red, green or blue) to match your home color scheme. Swift's Cleanser is so fine and smooth it actually polishes as it cleans. Swift's Cleanser was developed in the research laboratories of Swift & Company to be the modern cleanser for modern women to use in the home of today and tomorrow.

Judith Allen's Only Engaged to Her Fourth Husband and When He Calls on Her Now Her Mother's Always Around

MARRIAGE — *with a chaperone*

By Irving Johnson

JUDITH ALLEN wants to marry her husband. The fetching ex-screen and radio star says she's only engaged to the man she married two years ago and thinks it's a pretty unsatisfactory arrangement all around.

The husband who's only a best date now is her fourth, Broadway jeweler Hy Wynn. When Judith married him, she felt sure she had at last taken the high road to happiness in matrimony.

She says it is no fault of hers or Hy's, that it turned out to be just another dead end.

What actually happened was that the previous Mrs. Wynn changed her mind about an old Mexican divorce she got from Hy, and the New York Supreme Court saw it her way. The divorce was recently declared invalid and Judith and Hy had to separate.

The ruling came as a heavy blow for the actress. Believing she was permanently married this time, she had bought a spacious house in Riverdale, in New York City, and had given up her radio work (she was writing and appearing in 21 shows a week).

Besides, says Judith, they were arranging to adopt two children.

"I'm only engaged to him now," she mourns. "I'm living alone in Riverdale with a dog and four bedrooms. Hy is living with his mother. He has two wives and we're both living alone."

Judith is beginning to think the stars are forever set against a happy marriage for her.

"All my life I've been looking for one," she says. "I always dropped my career for marriage and something always happened. This latest disappointment came as a complete surprise. We thought she (the previous Mrs. Wynn) was marrying someone else. They examined all our papers when we were married in Jersey two years ago and found them in order.

"Now this comes along to spoil all of our plans."

Looking back from her latest misfortune, Judith offers a brief commentary on her first three husbands and her life with them. These were the late Gus Sonnenberg, a wrestling champion; Jack Doyle, the crooning pugilist, and Rudolph Field, a publisher.

Field once modestly observed that she had married beef first, then brawn and finally brains.

Judith says she left school to marry Gus Sonnenberg and it was soon clear that his outside interests made living with him impossible.

"He could never say no to anyone but me," recalls Judith, "and spent thousands on oil wells and gold mines. Anyone at all could sell him the Brooklyn Bridge."

She remembers how he paid $25,000 for what he called Fountain of Youth Water. He had a chunk of iron on a string that he dropped into a gallon of water like a yo-yo and claimed anyone who drank some of the water afterwards would never grow old.

This was sold to him by a man named Allen, who also let him in on a bundle of worthless oil and gold mine stocks. Judith says she adopted the name Allen herself to remind her always to be careful with her money.

Judith and Gus remained good friends after their divorce and Judith was on her way to see him when he died.

Second husband Doyle, boxing's so-called "Mild Irish Rose," was what Judith calls "a little girl's idea of a white knight in shining armor."

"He was very romantic," she says, "but his romance didn't stay at home. He was beautiful and thought he ought to share it with the world.

"After a while, I concluded I couldn't stand the competition, though I thought the end of the world was near when we parted."

Judith got her interlocutory decree in 1936 and before it was final filed a $2,000,000 love theft action against Delphine Dodge Cromwell Baker Godde, the automobile heiress. Judith finally dropped the action.

Judith says she was certain love was out when she married third husband Field, head of the House of Field, and claims she told him so. This marriage, she says, seemed ideal from a business standpoint.

"He seemed to think I would be an asset to his firm, but he soon showed himself to be insanely jealous. All my telephone calls were switched over to him and he told all callers I was not available."

The situation became intolerable, Judith left him and Field sued for a divorce.

Judith countersued for an annulment, stating that all their relations had been purely platonic, and won her case after a bitter court wrangle.

Then, one Christmas Eve, she was introduced to Hy Wynn and they were married in the mistaken belief Hy's wife would stand by the Mexican divorce she obtained in 1943.

Judith and Hy were still walking on air when ex-wife Gertrude decided it would be nice to be Mrs. Wynn again. In court, she argued that the Mexican decree had no standing in New York.

"I have been subjected," she claimed, "to ignominy and unpleasantness and to humiliation and to doubt as to my status as the lawful wife of Mr. Wynn."

The court had no choice but to side with Gertrude, the United States Supreme Court having already ruled that all such Mexican decrees, whenever obtained, are without standing.

Now Hy has gone home to his mother and whenever Judith invites him out for dinner or a Sunday afternoon in the country, she also invites her mother — as a chaperone.

Murray Korman

Impatient Judith — She's Living Alone With Her Dog.

By William Engle

THE Woman WHO TOOK WALL STREET

"IT just isn't being done," they told Kim Moran. "No one ever builds a mansion on the sand at Palm Beach, Florida. Everyone builds back from the beach on the land side of the road. It's tradition."

Kim Moran, slim and springy, with the big, gay look out of her eyes, laughed. She shook her head.

The social arbiters of society's southern capital were talking to her of "tradition"—and she the individualist who had left pompous dowagers mumbling from Budapest to Paris to New York. They were saying what wasn't "being done"—and she the most audacious woman operator Wall Street has ever known.

"Hells bells!" she said. "I'm building on the beach. I'll sink the piers to China if I have to."

Today the House on the Beach is a landmark of the Atlantic Coast, the salty crossroads for great names and lowly ones. Long and two-storied, it looks eastward full view upon the sea. Northward from it the shoreline stretches to the horizon, and southward, too. Always in its great rooms there is the boom of the surf.

Some of her friends, thinking of the phalanxes of mansions massed around her but back on the land side of the road, call it Kim Moran's Folly. She doesn't mind. She's never minded what others said.

"I'll have princes of industry here if I want them, or I'll have a store clerk and his wife," she said a little while ago. "But no stuffed shirts; I don't want to have to count the silver after they've gone."

It was that forthright trait which made her a legend in Wall Street, but it was the saddest day of her life that brought her into the Street.

The day was October 21, 1929, in the shattering first period of the great stock market decline.

The telephone calls began then. They were all about the same. "Is Joe in?" "Is Mr. Moran there?"

They came into the Ritz Tower, New York, apartment of Joseph F. Moran, shipping magnate. Kim Moran, his wife, answered.

"Joe isn't here. Joe is in an uptown funeral chapel."

Mr. Moran had died and she, steeling herself, began that night to move into the business world.

"I moved in quietly but I kept my eyes open," she explains. "I said to myself, 'I'll get in there and pitch the way Joe would want me to'."

She learned so fast that Wall Street blinked.

Mrs. Kim Moran Wearing More Than $1,000,000 Worth of Diamonds and Emeralds. The Necklace and Earrings Match the Evening Bag. The Square-Cut Diamond on the Right Hand Is 65 Carats; the Oval Diamond on the Left Hand Is 36 Carats.

"I spotted the phonies and kept away from them. I learned by seeing others, even good ones, make mistakes. I worked like a dog."

Outgrowing offices in downtown New York, she took a suite in the midtown Chrysler Building. Her operations expanded. Upon her offices finally converged 56 direct telephone lines from brokerages and other business houses. Months on end her itinerary was Waldorf Towers to Chrysler Building to night conference, and back to bed in the Towers.

In one stock alone she amassed a fortune. She and her associates saw its value. They began to buy. She kept her wires hot.

"Buy, buy, buy!" The stock kept moving—46 to 100—to 125.

"Keep it on the tape! Buy!" The quotation went to 150, then 175. The top was 187.

"After that one and a few others I had to celebrate. I bought three houses and a yacht."

It wasn't ostentation. "I hate anything pretentious and I want no part of the capricious and despotic rigmarole of wealth and society."

Four times she has dined with kings, and she says: "I don't care for royalty. Give me the little guy without a title or a nickel."

The European press once hailed her as "the best dressed woman in the world." She says: "I'm no clothes horse. Simplest things are best."

She therefore doesn't talk of her charities, and they are many, although once in a while she will recall that the one which gave her the most pleasure was the venture she made down on New York's lower East Side in the depths of the depression.

Down there, where 60,000 families live in cold-water tenements above the violent squalor of narrow streets, she set up Kim Moran's Children's Aid and Kitchen. She fed 1,000 children a day; clothed them on week ends, and on one day before Christmas had 3,000 in for shoes, sweaters, stockings, coats and toys.

"That was a joy. I remember the children's faces."

She seldom goes out now to wear her greatest jewels—she has some of the finest in the country—and most of the time they are in a bank vault. But she isn't lonesome. Her three marriages, after she was widowed, she's put long since out of mind. She's hostess now to the guests she wants—and they range from shabby-genteel to industrial nabobs.

She likes racing, and among her friends are a jockey and his wife. Having asked them to dinner one evening, she declined an invitation to a swank affair at the Everglades Club. She had a surprise for them.

"Notice what's above the fireplace," she said, when they came. "It's for you."

They saw a newly framed photograph. It was of the jockey, up on a long-shot, in a nose-and-nose finish, and the long-shot was first.

FOUR PATHS *to the* CHAIR

By D. A. Laird, Ph. D., Sc. D.
Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer.

FOUR men were about to die, on the night of July 3rd, in the electric chair at New York's Sing Sing Prison.

Though the oldest was only 35, each had traveled in his own peculiar way along the devious roadways of crime until he reached the final fatal turning where he took, or helped to take, a human life.

As the seconds ticked by in the execution chamber I sat among the official witnesses, some of them restive from watching the door through which the first doomed man would walk, and thought for a moment of each of those boys as an innocent baby in his mother's arms; a toddler learning to lisp his first words; an eager little youngster ready for his first day at school and the wider horizon it would offer him.

Where, I asked myself, was the first unhappy incident in each young life that caused four pair of footsteps to turn into the individual paths that led to a common channel of wrongdoing and eventually to death on this summer night by electrocution?

What happened in each of these young men's lives to make them so different from my neighbor's son, or the fellow just a block up the street?

My thoughts were interrupted by an awesome stillness as Salvatore Di Cristofaro, 35, ignoring the praying chaplain beside him, entered the death chamber. Glaring and muttering oaths he walked to the chair and seated himself sidewise. His hands remained clenched in tight fists, as the straps were adjusted.

Salvatore's life was being taken because he had murdered his rival for the affections of a woman; the killing was one of jealous rage.

The transcript of Di Cristofaro's trial in Buffalo, New York, discloses that a psychiatrist testified that the defendant "has shown throughout his life an overwhelming tendency to act on impulse."

It was brought out that during the first few months of Salvatore's babyhood something apparently started him to develop the behavior patterns that made him fail to consider the consequences of his acts as he grew up; that kept him from learning by experience as most children do.

By the time he was in the second grade in school, the records show, he was rated "Unsatisfactory" or failing in conduct, and his first brushes with the law, when he was about 11, were malicious acts such as breaking street lights and stealing skates and school supplies from his playmates.

The police record for Salvatore, from that time on, is a long list of petit larceny, disorderly conduct and violation of parole; there were terms in the reformatory and in Attica Prison; then the ultimate crime.

Salvatore, who had fought his way through life on the wrong side of the law, died fighting.

In a few minutes a second condemned man, Edward Nathaniel Jones, 22, entered, his eyes wide with fear.

From the chair he shouted, "I'm innocent; God have mercy on my soul!"

But the law had found him guilty and he had reached the end of the road from which there is no returning. His payment was for the shooting of a delicatessen owner in Brooklyn while he and his accomplices were robbing the cash drawer of $90.

Edward's trouble seemed to start when he was about 10 years old and temporarily excluded from school because of incorrigibility. Larceny, loitering and fighting led to many arrests and when the boy was only 13 he was sent to the State Home for Boys at Jamesburg, N. J., after an arrest for assault and battery.

At the home Edward worked in the kitchen and managed to reach the sixth grade in school. Soon after he was paroled he went to work but eventually got mixed up in a narcotics charge and he himself became a marijuana addict, according to his Draft Board rejection.

Though he confessed, at first, to his share in the Brooklyn holdup where Gustave Winkelman was shot, he later denied it even up to the point of his death.

Arnold Sims, 23, entered the execution chamber quietly, his eyes on the floor, his lips moving in prayer.

Turning to the chaplain he said in a hurried voice, "I want to thank you for all you've done for me. God bless you, Chaplain. Good-by."

Closing his eyes, Arnold Sims leaned his head back while the electrodes were being attached.

School records show that Arnold had been a well-behaved child who never was in any trouble until, at the age of 16 he started stealing little, unimportant things.

In 1943, when Arnold was nearly 20 he was discharged from a bakery in Brooklyn for stealing in a locker room, but there was no arrest.

Two years later he ran away from home and said later it was because his uncle objected to the bad company he was keeping.

Arnold was in bad company on the night that Gustave Winkelman, the Brooklyn delicatessen owner, was shot, for he was with Edward Jones and another accomplice.

He and Edward Jones paid for the same crime, but the day before Arnold made his payment he begged his distraught father to see that his eight brothers and sisters picked the right companions so they would stay out of trouble.

For the fourth and last time that hot July night the chamber door opened to disclose William Thomas, a slender six-foot boy of 20, starting sullenly from the threshold.

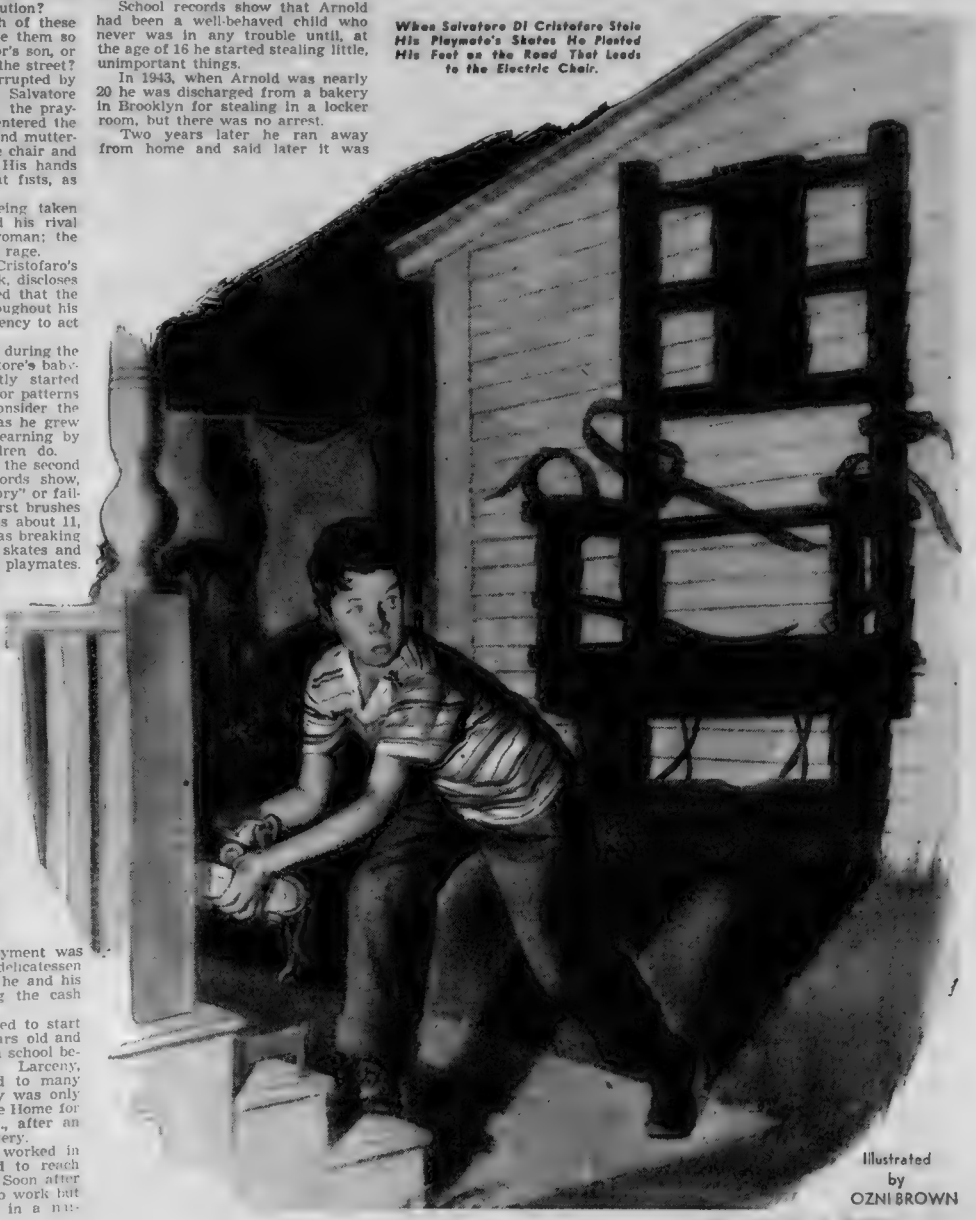
At the age of 14, according to police reports, Willie had a quarrel with a young sister, viciously beat her with a stick and ran away. That, apparently, was the spot where he took the long road of wrongdoing, for he was committed to the Industrial School at Mariana, Fla.

Out of reform school, he ran away again because his parents were "too strict," and eventually went to room with a boy he'd met at Mariana.

Willie was a good worker and frequently held jobs that brought in good money, but reports show that he got into an unusual number of fights and arguments, ran with a gang of hoodlums and stole the guns that were used for holdups.

One of these crimes ended in Willie pulling the trigger and killing a man, though he wasn't caught. A few days later he shot a policeman, and it was for that he died in Sing Sing's death chamber.

Now that it is too late, we can only ask: Could any or all of these four boys have been spared by proper guidance when they came to the turning-off point in the road?



When Salvatore Di Cristofaro Stole His Playmate's Skates He Planted His Feet on the Road That Leads to the Electric Chair.

Illustrated by OZNI BROWN

Ty Cobb's WINNING WAYS

It Was Easy for Ty Cobb to Talk His Wife Out of Divorce Proceedings With a Picture of What It Would Mean to Their Children. She Didn't Know Then That He Would Bring the Same Legal Action He Had Warned Her Against.

Illustrated by K. AVERY

TY COBB, the "Georgia Peach," slid as [illegible] with his spikes high for another safe base.

This time, however, he didn't do it on the baseball diamond and, furthermore, he wasn't heading home when it happened.

The rough-tough Ty, who never knew what it was to lose with a smile, beat out the throw in a Reno divorce court and Charlie Lombard Cobb, the kindly, grandmotherly little woman who wed him in 1908 and bore him five children, was left holding the sack.

It was kind of a bewildering experience for Charlie (who inherited her masculine name from a favorite uncle), because she'd almost tagged Ty out twice, once in 1931 and again this year.

Charlie's two errors were brought about mainly because the Ty, greatest base runner of all time, is also a fast man with a word and on each occasion when Charlie was all set with her own divorce action Ty cut loose with a torrent of persuasive protest and there she was, putting away the ball and waiting for the weather to clear.

So that now, suddenly divorced by the man whose pleas for discontinuance of legal action she heeded twice, Charlie is dolefully ruminating over the umpire's reverse decision.

If she'd been an expert character analyst Charlie might have foreseen what was going to happen. Or if she'd had a heart-to-heart talk with some of Ty's early baseball confreres and opponents she might have had an inkling of how things were shaping up. They'd have told her about Ty, about how he never could take defeat gracefully.

They'd have told her, if she didn't already know, how Ty used to come into a base full speed with his lethally sharpened spikes aimed at the defending player; how an adverse (for him) decision brought him snarling and raging up to the umpire, fists balled and ready to swing; how he glowered and sulked when the decision stuck.

Ty's equal in truculence when defeated has never been found. He once said of his baseball career:

"I fought to win in every game in which I appeared. To win was the dearest wish of my life."

It was a wish he carried off the diamond into every phase of his existence.

Ty and Charlie started off well enough. He was an aspiring ball player already known as the "Georgia Peach" when they wed, and she was a pretty southern belle intent on nothing more than keeping the home fires burning while Ty traveled.

She learned soon enough that Ty was what writers were later to call him: "a born feudist." She stuck it out awhile Ty carved out his immortal name and Tyrus, Jr., Shirley, Herschel, Beverly and Jimmy arrived.

It was in 1931 that she came to a decision and filed suit for divorce. Ty was on the Pacific Coast, retired three years, when that happened. He swung aboard the first train for Georgia. Divorce the Ty?

Well, he'd see. A friend explained: "Ty has always been able to talk her out of a divorce. He's confident he'll do it again."

Do it again he did. Within two weeks Charlie's suit was withdrawn and she'd been persuaded to make a fresh start in California. Ty set out to find a house and servants for Charlie and the five children. He got the house but no servants. When Charlie arrived with her family there was no one to meet them.

The "fresh start" lasted eight years. Then Charlie moved from the Cobb mansion in Atherton with its clipped lawns and swimming pool to a modest home in near-by Menlo Park. With her went her daughter, Shirley, now with the Red Cross in Japan. Neither ever returned.

By the time Charlie got around to her second suit, this year, the family had been increased by eight grandchildren. Ty, Jr., had returned to Atlanta to practice medicine.

Herschel, backed by his dad, was running a bottling plant in Twin Falls, Idaho. Beverly had married Thomas McLaren, without her father's blessing, and James, the youngest, was established in Los Angeles.

In 1931 Ty had answered his wife's suit with this solemn statement:

"I believe a family is an institution where children's interests should come first. Mrs. Cobb and I should not bring them into any court proceeding."

His 1947 reaction was somewhat of an echo:

"This comes as a shock, particularly regarding our children."

Charlie had her own way of protecting her children. Both her suits were filed on grounds of "extreme cruelty," without elaboration. The last suit was already set for hearing when Charlie again withdrew it. Ty had used his persuasive powers once more.

But this time Charlie wore no rose-colored glasses. She agreed to a property settlement, but no reconciliation. The suit dismissed, Ty moved to his Lake Tahoe house, located on the Nevada shore. He closed the Atherton home, locked each room separately and over the front door, on the inside, rigged up a bucket-of-water contraption to douse intruders. Charlie escaped a bath by using a side entrance.

Now as in the old baseball days, Ty forced his victory. He didn't want Charlie to divorce him, but he insisted on divorcing her. He filed suit in Reno and got his decree. Charlie kept half-interest in the Atherton home, got a reported $250,000 worth of securities and $50,000 cash.

This hardly dents the "Georgia Peach's" holdings, he having amassed what Mrs. Cobb's attorneys described as a $7,000,000 fortune through the build-up of stock bought years ago in a rapidly expanding beverage company. Apprised of this legal estimate, Ty scoffed:

"There isn't that much money in America."

However, nobody has contradicted the sports writer who called him "the richest graduate of professional sport in the U. S." Furthermore, he now lives in Nevada, where he doesn't have to pay a state income tax.

Cobb had another legal tussle after the divorce proceedings. When his former housekeeper, Lucille La Pointe, was arrested in Placerville, Calif., on a reckless driving charge, Ty, riding with her, raised such a fuss that Justice of the Peace T. F. Lewis threw him into jail for two hours on a charge of being drunk on a public highway. It was the wrong thing to do, stormed Ty. They could not do that to the Ty!

PERHAPS ANOTHER *President*

Mothers Serve in Schools

With federal and state financial help the NATIONAL SCHOOL LUNCH PROGRAM in many communities also grows because of voluntary service in preparing foods and facilities. To this worthy work thousands and thousands of American mothers are wholeheartedly giving their time, energy and guidance.

ACROSS AMERICA you hear his merry shout . . . his carefree laughter . . . the song of his heart. Look into the face of the nation's youth . . . see the character, the timber of America tomorrow. He and his chums are the workers, the builders, yes, the statesmen and presidents to come.

Lucky America—to have him! *Wise* America—to have the vision to provide a way for his priceless health and strength thru a nation-wide SCHOOL LUNCH PROGRAM!

In a single year more than 8,000,000 children in 46,000 schools are served body-building daily lunches through this program. Spearheaded by the federal government through the Department of Agriculture, states and cities cooperate. Thousands of homemakers and businessmen volunteer their time and effort in making the program effective.

Third of School Lunches Are Dairy Foods

In this plan of building minds and timber for a greater America, no school lunch is considered complete without MILK to drink. MILK—*nature's best in food*—BUTTER, CHEESE, ICE CREAM, EVAPORATED MILK and POWDERED MILK . . . are key foods so essential that fully one-third of school lunch foods are DAIRY FOODS.

Lucky America . . . Wise America . . . *Provident* America . . . building for the future. The SCHOOL LUNCH PROGRAM is the whole nation planning and working together, putting to use our heaven-sent riches in food to build a healthier, stronger, happier America tomorrow.

THE SCHOOL LUNCH PROGRAM BUILDS FOR AMERICA'S FUTURE

ADA is an association for nation-wide promotion, advertising and research for MILK, CREAM, BUTTER, CHEESE, ICE CREAM, EVAPORATED and POWDERED MILK, supported by America's dairy farmers, 20 N. Wacker Drive Bldg., Chicago 6, Ill.

AMERICAN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

"Voice of the Dairy Farmer"

Gabby's Romantic Hitch Hike

By Jack Hyatt

SHE stood there in the cool autumn night, this tall, dark, quite beautiful American girl, wondering just what to do. The cocktails, the dancing, the spirited conversations of the evening were now a thing of the past. The last guests were trickling out of the exclusive Puerta (Club) de Hierro, some miles from Madrid.

The American girl was Marie Aline Griffith. She was perplexed, even a little worried. It was late at night and somehow her companions had driven off, leaving her behind. How would she get back to the city?

A car horn tooted briskly, just once. A pleasant masculine voice asked in Spanish "could he help?" Marie Aline—school chums in her little home town of Pearl River, N. Y., call her "Gabby"—replied in Spanish.

She explained her predicament. Was he going to Madrid? The young man said he was, that he lived there. She got into the car.

Even as he drove she could tell he was quite tall. He was handsome too, with a certain air of dignity and a definitely pleasing smile. They chatted and laughed when she explained what a "hitch hike" meant.

They talked about music, dancing and polo. They talked a little about her work at the United States Embassy in the Spanish capital.

The car paused in front of her hotel and they shook hands, warmly. He drove off at once and she went to her apartment. How silly, she thought, she hadn't even asked him his name! He seemed quite nice.

She went to bed, perhaps to dream, unaware she had met Luis de Figueroâ, Count of Quintanilla, 28-year-old scion of one of Spain's wealthiest and most aristocratic families.

Marie Aline Griffith was born 26 years ago in the town of Pearl River, (pop. 1,800), Rockland County, New York. She is the eldest of five children, three boys and two girls. Her father, William F. Griffith, is a successful Pearl River business man.

Her mother is tall, comely and is a member of several clubs. They live on a street aptly enough named Magnolia Avenue. The family is good American stock.

She went to local schools and graduated from Mount St. Vincent College. She had numerous "boy friends" but no serious attachments. Her nickname "Gabby"; it is self-explanatory, for she likes to talk. The family income permitted her to travel to many places in the United States.

At one time she was the Switzerland representative of a New York importing and exporting firm. Before that she did some modeling in New York, but her mother thinks this should not be emphasized. "The people in Spain may misinterpret the word 'model'," says Mrs. Griffith, adding "and Aline was never a stenographer at the Madrid Embassy as some newspapers said."

When the war broke out, Aline—as her mother calls her—went to Madrid for the Office of Strategic Services. Later, she saw auxiliary war-time service at the United States Embassy in Madrid. She learned Spanish and today she is rather glad she did... for how else could she have talked that night to Count de Figueroa?

Marie Aline was somewhat flabbergasted one night, about ten days after that chance hitch hike when she was introduced to her erstwhile driving companion at a U. S. Embassy reception. The count grinned a boyish grin and asked her what difference did it make if he was a count and "had some money." He liked her, he said.

She learned, without being too inquisitive and with no thought of matrimony at the time, that the young man was tremendously wealthy in his own right, chiefly an inheritance from his mother. The family owned mines, two palaces, tremendous estates in Madrid and San Sebastian. The young count has many business interests.

Count de Figueroa's grandfather is admittedly the wealthiest man in Spain. He is Count Alvara de Romanones, a grandee, former Prime Minister of Spain under the late King Alfonso. The family traces its lineage for countless generations. One uncle is the Duke of Tovar, sometimes called "Spain's greatest man."

The Duke is a poet, playwright, sculptor, architect, musician, and former director of the Royal Opera in Madrid. The Duke is a second cousin of the late King Alfonso.

Young de Figueroa paid skilful, ardent court. There was, to all accounts, none of the usual eloquent impassioned Spanish fire about his wooing. Gradually he and Aline began to see each other almost daily.

Aline was sensible enough not to be swept off her feet too quickly. She wanted time to think, to make up her mind. She thought soberly of the future; she did like Luis immensely, she admitted. She thrilled at her opportunity, too, and smiled contemptuously when she thought how many American daughters of American multimillionaires would grab at this chance—a title for love not to be bought by some fathers millions.

Such money marriages usually ended in unhappiness and divorce. Aline knew that.

The count finally won out by the simple process of putting his foot down, firmly. After they had been engaged for some weeks, he insisted that the wedding be in June. She wanted to put it off until he could go to America and meet her family.

No, said the count, the family could come over there. He was adamant. So Aline notified her folks and William Griffith, Jr., was the family representative at the fashionable wedding at San Fermin Church in Madrid, late in June. The cream of Spanish aristocracy and representatives of the Embassy attended.

Back in Pearl River, the rest of the family are waiting for a visit this fall. Among those waiting to see the new countess of Quintanilla are some of "Gabby's" frankly envious school chums.

They learn from Aline's mother that the count expects to buy a large estate here, and that he and his pretty wife will spend half their time here and half in Spain. So that's what happened as a result of a chance hitch hike.

Marie Aline Griffith—She Got to Madrid All Right.

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UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Road of the Daily Streamliners

Button, Button

The Reporter Kept His Discovery to Himself. He Twisted the Button Off the Pants and Snipped a Piece of Material From the Vest.

Illustrated by
JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

GIVE a good reporter a baffling murder mystery, a clue that the police have overlooked and a susceptible girl witness, preferably attractive, and sometimes you get a solution. That's the way it was with the Case of the Little Black Button.

The body was found on the morning of February 18, 1917, along a highway near Hammond, Indiana, which was known locally as Murder Street because so many bodies had been strewn along it from time to time. One bullet through the head had done the job.

If he had been like most of the others along Murder Street, if he had been an obvious thug whose fingerprints quickly identified him as a logical candidate for a one-way ride, the story would have been forgotten after a one-day play. But he wasn't.

He was a handsome man in his early 30s. His clothes were expensive, conservative and nicely tailored, but everything that might identify him, papers, labels and even buttons, had been removed. His fingerprints were not on record.

When the story broke, every Chicago paper sent its top crime man to the scene, but after the first few days the second- and third-stringers were assigned, just to keep the yarn alive in case of a break. That was when the Herald-American sent Kent Hunter to Hammond.

The body was in the morgue and the clothes were in a closet in the sheriff's back room. Hunter asked if he could look at the suit. Of course he could, the sheriff said. Everybody else had looked.

On the back of the trousers, concealed by a belt loop, Hunter found a small black button. Saying nothing, he twisted it off and snipped a piece of the material from the vest. He waited until he was outside and then examined the button. It had a name on it—Jerrems, a famous Chicago tailoring establishment. Hunter headed there immediately.

Why, yes, said the foreman at Jerrems', they had had a bolt of cloth like that and they had a record of every suit made from it. Hunter copied down the addresses. Telephone calls eliminated all but four from any connection with the murder.

One of the four was Fred L. Higgins, 4751 Virginia Street. Hunter started with him. At the address, the superintendent knew nobody by that name. There were six apartments in the building. Nobody answered at the first two. The door of the third was opened by a slender girl with black hair and slightly slanting dark eyes.

"Do you know anyone named Fred L. Higgins,?" Hunter asked.

The girl stared blankly, shook her head negatively and closed the door.

The reporter waited a moment before ringing the bell across the hall. Behind the door that had been shut in his face he heard a woman's voice repeating a telephone number and then it said:

"What shall I do? There's a man here asking for Fred. No, I don't think he's a cop..."

That was enough. Hunter went to Detective Sergeant Paul Duffy and told him what he had learned. Duffy's men discovered the girl was named Valentine del Guerra. They put a tap on her telephone and listened for several days, but all they heard were guarded conversations with her two brothers, Bernard and Ray, who played in an orchestra.

Hunter sent a phony telegram to Valentine del Guerra and obtained a receipt for it. He went back to Jerrems' and compared it with the receipt which had been signed for the suit. The names were different, but a police expert said the handwriting was the same.

Duffy confronted the girl with the evidence.

"I sign for lots of packages," she said cooly. "I don't know anybody named Higgins."

"You're lying, sister," Duffy said. "Come along with me."

They took her to the morgue in a squad car. By prearrangement, the police treated her roughly while Hunter sat in the back seat with her, held her hand and defended her against the gibes.

When the sheet was pulled down from the body, Valentine screamed, "Yes, it's Fred!" and fainted. On her revival she said Higgins had been her boy friend and had spent much time at her apartment but she insisted she had no idea who killed him. She was allowed to return home.

Hunter waited a few days and then called on her. She told him the same story at first but gradually he won her confidence.

"Listen," she said. "Fred was a runner for a gang of car thieves. He used to take stolen cars to Indianapolis, where the engine numbers were filed off and they were repainted and sold. Another man worked with him. His name was W. Palmer Sparks, called The Count.

"He and Fred had a racket. They used to take out rich wives who wanted to play and then they would blackmail them. Fred told me The Count thought he was holding out on some of the dough."

She gave Sparks' address to Hunter. He took Duffy there. The room was vacant, but it contained a pair of bloodstained trousers, some drugs, a pistol and the soft, gray felt hat that Higgins had worn the night he was killed.

On March 16, 1917, Sparks was indicted for murder, but he was beyond the reach of the law. He had joined a Canadian machinegun outfit and, according to official Canadian records, had been fatally wounded at Chemin des Dames.

A few weeks later Hunter also went to war. He entered the 122nd Field Artillery as a private and came out as a captain. After newspaper work in Chicago, Los Angeles and New York, he became a major in the last war, went with Patton across France to Bavaria, was invalided out as a well-decorated colonel.

"I remember that case well," he said the other day at the Washington Bureau of the Hearst Newspapers, to which he is now attached, "but I never have believed Sparks died in France. Anybody who operated as smoothly as he did probably switched papers with someone who was killed. It wouldn't surprise me if he was a big-time racketeer now, operating under another name."

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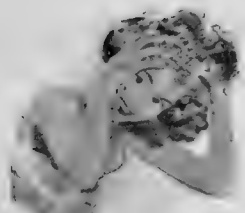

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Ever See a Dream WINNING?

A Horse Player's Idea of Heaven—the Hon. John Godley's Newspaper Complete With Tomorrow's Winner's and Prices.

By Dan Parker

SOME people dream they can beat the races. But the Hon. John Godley of bally old Balliol beats the races with dreams. No spoofing!

Since the Honorable John first learned of the strange clairvoyant power he possesses in the goose-feathers, his dreams have given the bookmakers in Oxford, England, nightmares.

Lord Kilbracken, who is the Honorable John's pater, sent him to Oxford to study something besides the racing entries but a bloke can dream, can't he? The answer seems to be that the Honorable John not only can but does.

Sleeping in his quarters at Oxford's ancient Balliol College one night last March after a hard session with Messrs. Euclid, Ovid and Plato, the Honorable John had a dream that someone had given him the next day's newspaper.

Instead of looking at the leader, as the scion of the Oxfordshire Kilbrackens should have, in his dream he turned quickly to the racing results, and noted that Bindal and Juladin, two horses on which he had lost more than a tanner in his day, had won finally, paying 7 to 1 as a double.

Over his kipper and scone at breakfast the next morning, the Hon. John, glancing at the day's racing entries, stopped in the middle of a chew when his eyes caught the names of Bindal and Juladin!

"I say, this is a bit on the uncanny side, Godley, old fellow," he said to himself. "By Jove, I shall chance a quid or two with my turf accountant this afternoon."

The Hon. John Godley not only risked a few pounds himself on his dream double but told all his friends of his experience and advised them to evict the moths from their wallets.

Well, sir, you could have tipped the Hon. John off true center with a goose quill that evening when the late afternoon editions broke the news to the Balliol Breed Improving Bund that Bindal won at 5 to 4 and Juladin at 5 to 2, which made the payoff rate for the double, 7 7-8 to 1.

From that night on, the Hon. John never hit the timothy without leaving a pad and ball-point pen that would write in the dark as well as under water on his table so he could jot down his dream horses between snores. Before retiring he would eat a rarebit to encourage his session with those nightmares.

But, you can no more force a dream than you can coerce the Muse. For a time, nothing happened as a result of the Hon. John's experiments with Golden Bucks and other midnight snacks.

The Hon. Mr. Godley was about to give up hope and attribute his first vision to mere coincidence when, two nights before the Grand National was run, later in March, the same old dream flashed through his noggin.

Again someone gave him the next day's newspaper and he remembered reading about a winner named Tuberose before the paper faded away and he found himself groping for his pad and pen to write down the name.

Eagerly, next day, he scanned the racing details but no such horse as Tuberose was entered. But the following day, as he read the entries for the Grand National, his eyes all but popped out when he saw the magic name, Tuberose. The horse was listed in one of the minor races on the card.

The Hon. Godley broke the Oxford University record for the cross country, getting to his chartered turf accountant to put his wad on the dream nag—and Tuberose won, paying 100 to 6.

The Balliol Dream Boy didn't get another nocturnal tip until May when he dreamed he had telephoned a bookmaker for the result of the last race and had been informed that Monumentor won at 5 to 4.

There was no Monumentor running next day but there was a Mentores. That was close enough for the Hon. John—and too blarsted close for the bookies who paid him off later in the day at 6 to 4. The Hon. John is so baffled by the whole business he can't concentrate on his studies now.

New Rochele, immortalized by the late George M. Cohan in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," has a resident who tops the Hon. Godley by getting her tips from an Indian who has been dead for 500 years.

She is a spiritualist named Mrs. Lawrence Lane. Her husband also gets tips but on the stock market, not the ponies. He operates through an Egyptian force and the shade of James R. Keene, he says.

Keene should be able to slip him a good thing at the track now and then, but Mrs. Lane says her husband's "forces"—both the Egyptian and Mr. Keene—never give him anything but short-priced favorites.

Mrs. Lane, a timid, ethereal looking woman approaching middle age, explained that she has her visions daily from 4:20 a. m. to 11 a. m. and writes them all down.

"My Indian gives me longshots," she said. "Take Sept. 5th, 1946, for instance. See, I have written my vision for that day down on this pad. I fancied I was going to the movies and there was a boy alongside me.

"Two days later, Bachelor Boy won at Hawthorne, paying $10.10; Theatrical Boy won at Narragansett, paying $2.40 (Ed. note—longshots, you say?); Patimboy won at Hawthorne, paying $5.80; Bengal Boy won at Detroit, paying $11.20; Trala Boy won at Detroit, paying $2.20 and Cherry Boy, Victory Boy and Roman Boy ran second at other tracks."

"You'll get people who're good at the New York tracks or at the Chicago tracks, but she's good at all tracks," said her husband.

Mrs. Lane continued: "The day Georgie Woolf, the dead jockey, appeared to me, two Wolfs came in at different tracks. My Indian wasn't on the job that day."

On October 16, last, Mrs. Lane was dreaming of the popular song "Give Me Five Minutes More" (which is all Faultless needed in the Belmont Stakes).

Well, sir, you could have fanned her flat with a scratch sheet when the results of the next day's races showed that Late Time won at Laurel, paying $42.40; Time Up ran second at Sportsman's Park, paying $8.20; Real Short won at Keeneland, paying $7.40; Swift Action won at Jamaica, paying $50.20, and Little Snail won at Sportsman's Park, paying $13.20.

Mrs. Lane's deceased Sioux gives her from 10 to 40 horses a day, depending on his mood.

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

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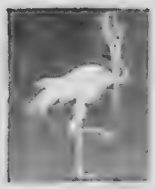

Host of the STORK

By Paul Gallico

IF YOU do not believe that ours is a fabulous land of fabulous opportunity, populated by fabulous characters, glance over this study in contrasts, and behold what the great American Wheel of Fortune can turn up in the brief revolution of one generation.

In Enid, Oklahoma, shortly after the turn of the century, the Government opened up free land to would-be farmers. Theirs for the racing to it and the staking of a claim. At the city line there waited the men on horseback listening for the shot that would loose them to make the run for a farmstead claim.

Crack! Dust, thudding hooves, sweating horses, straining leather, cursing, hard-bitten men, galloping for a piece of land of their own. Amongst them a tall, tough, craggy giant, an immigrant from the hills of Kentucky with his family of nine, a jack-of-all-trades man, set to try his luck at farming.

Poverty ruled the farm. To the youngest boy of the family, in his worn bloomers, torn blouse and frayed straw hat with shoestring band, nothing was so important as money, pennies to buy a ball and glove, money to buy another pair of pants, money for schooling. Because there was no money, he never progressed beyond the 4th grade.

The wheel turns 40 years. In a fashionable side street off Fifth Avenue in New York there is located the most famous night club in the world, a glitter spot of lights and mirrors, leather and chromium gleaming bars, soft pahelling, good food and music, good taste and conviviality.

Through its doors pass the rich and would-be rich, the great and near-great of the huge metropolis in search of relaxation. More than three million dollars a year passes through its till. The aggregate worth of its patrons, plus the value of the jewels and furs of their wives, daughters and sweethearts, displayed there in a season would pay off a sizable part of the national debt.

The bland, quiet, soft-spoken, well-dressed man with the frosty blue eyes and the touch of the tough, gambling West on his features, the faint reminiscence of Tex Rickard, who is the inventor, owner and operator of this fantastic property and host to the great names of the New York social, political, literary and theatrical world, is that same youngest son of the big, craggy Kentucky immigrant who made the run for the Oklahoma farmstead claim, the kid in the chewed-up straw and out-at-the-seat pants, who never had enough money, enough clothes, enough schooling, enough of anything.

Mr. Sherman Billingsley of the Stork Club.

Ward McAllister used to be New York's social dictator. Now it's Billingsley. The list of people barred from his domain is a formidable one indeed. But you don't have to be social to get in. You just have to be nice.

Who are the guests to whom this man Billingsley plays host? Name any picture star who happens to be in town, author of a hit play or best seller, General, Admiral, Government official, add Jack Astor and Al Vanderbilt, J. Edgar Hoover, Gene Tunney, Jim Farley, Jim Flagg, Cole Porter, Ernest Hemingway, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Bea Lillie, Robert Taylor, John Gunther, Bert Lahr, Rebecca West, Jack Pearl, Anna Neagle, Alfred Hitchcock, John Steinbeck, Morton Downey, J. P. McEvoy, Mary Pickford, Ambassador James Gerard, Barney Baruch, Drew Pearson, George Jean Nathan, Julie Haydon, Hedy Lamarr, Merle Oberon, Dorothy Kilgallen, Garson Kanin, Dorothy Lamour (who got her start in the Stork Club as a $50 a week singer with the band) Winthrop Rockefeller, Peter Arno, Helen Hayes, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Dick Berlin, Gypsy Rose Lee, June Havoc, Ann Sheridan, and you have a cross section of the world of art, letters, drama and politics.

Add to this the debutante crop of each year and their Social Register elders and a sprinkling of well-behaved out of town visitors and spenders and you have a picture of a night at the Stork Club. Walter Winchell and Leonard Lyons are the minnesingers of this fantastic tavern and its glittering array of guests. It is the source of three quarters of the gossip in most of the nationally syndicated gossip columns.

Whence did this poor Oklahoma farm boy who in his pursuit of money, became, when he grew up, a speakeasy operator as well as an operator of a chain of drugstores in New York, Bronx and Westchester, builder of homes, factories and garages, take the know-how, the imagination and the intimate knowledge of the good things of life to cater to the wealthiest, most sophisticated and finicky crowd in the United States?

The answer lies in that old line, that old story—"If I were King..." Only for Sherman Billingsley it began—"If I ever had a restaurant..."

And then his agile and hungry mind played with a thousand details of the dream; "If I had a restaurant and saw a waiter put a napkin under his sweaty arm, I'd fire him...I wouldn't let drunks in to disturb patrons'...I'd buy and serve only the best of everything...I'd have dance music playing all the time...I wouldn't let the cigarette girl stand around to open the pack she had just sold...If a checker tried to pad a bill he'd be out on his ear...I'd cater to a lot of nice young kids and make it easy on their pocketbooks, so when they grow up and became wealthy they'd come back and spend money...I wouldn't let headwaiters backslap guests and call them by their first name."

All of these things are cast iron rules of the Stork Club, a public restaurant, tavern and dance hall that has more of the atmosphere and qualities of an exclusive private club than any tight exclusive organization with a restricted membership and a waiting list.

Thousands of gallons of liquor are sloshed over the bar, but the fussiest mama need not worry when her teen-aged daughter is dancing at the Stork Club with her undergraduate escort. And doesn't.

The rules of decorum in this public house are stricter and more rigidly enforced than in many a private school or social club. It takes only one exhibition of bad manners to land you outside on 53rd Street, and from then on you stay out!

The secret of Billingsley's success has had a hundred analysts probing for his formula which is so simple that it turns out to be no formula at all, but only an utterly fantastic oneness of purpose. Billingsley lives, breathes, eats, sleeps and dreams the Stork Club.

Outside of his wife and three pretty daughters there is nothing else in his life. He has no hobbies, no secondary interests and no desires except to make his "joint" the best of its kind in the world and keep it that way.

Already a millionaire, he works at his job 16 hours a day, a one man dynamo who seems to be in a half dozen places at once.

He is in the kitchens, in the cellars, behind the scenes, welcoming guests, sending gifts, slipping Stork Club book matches into the pockets of overcoats checked in the cloakroom, peeking into hat labels to see whence a patron hails so that he can talk to him about his home town, flattering celebrities by sitting with them, checking on the current price of beef and vegetables, whispering orders on one of the many telephones concealed at vantage points, and hauling careless waiters on the carpet.

If you wonder from what well of profound experience or education, or background Billingsley drew the psychologically brilliant gambit of the gifts he dispenses—ties, perfumes, lipsticks, gold and silver cigarette lighters, dice, cigarette holders, handkerchiefs, drinks, champagne, to the tune of $150,000 a year—and if you ask him, he comes up with an answer that floors you with its very simplicity. He says:

"I started giving things to people because I felt so happy about their patronizing my place and continuing to come. I wanted to express my gratitude to these people, so I'd send them a little something, maybe a drink, or a trifle for the ladies."

BILLINGSLEY is just that uncomplicated and grateful. One is reminded somehow of another Westerner, the late Tex Rickard, when he used to stand beaming just inside the doors of Madison Square Garden watching the swells in evening dress filing through the turnstiles to see a boxing show.

"Just look at all them fine people patronizing me," he used to say—"Greatest thing I ever seed."

Tex never gave anything away, but he was another man of rough, tough pioneer background who made his success in New York by catering to and protecting his patrons.

The contrast between the dazzling glamour of the Stork Club entry, the bar, the dance floor, the quiet elegance of the Club Room, the glitter of jeweled women, the seemingly smooth and

A Table at the Stork With Social Registerites, Left to Right, John Jacob Astor, Mrs. William F. Dick, Lieut. Dick and Mrs. Astor.

CLUB

Sherman Billingsley, Shown Here With Daughter Shermane, Lives, Breathes, Eats, Sleeps and Dreams the Stork Club.

frictionless teamwork of more than 200 employes, and what goes on backstage is almost as fabulous as that between the two Billingsleys, the boy and the man.

For Billingsley is engaged in an endless battle to see that his customers get the kind of service and treatment he thinks they ought to have, to run his place the way he believes it should be run.

From a culinary point of view, the Stork Club ranks with the first ten restaurants of the world, only because of Billingsley. He hires the best chefs and buys the best food. But it was a venture that taught him that he could depend only upon himself.

He went into the kitchen, and learned all about the business from that angle and what he found going on there was plenty. One silverman was engaged in smashing up coffee pots, hurling them to the floor and stamping on them.

When the amazed Billingsley asked him what on earth he was doing that for, the reply was—"So that poor working men will have a job making new ones..." Employes were stealing his butter, absconding with ham, chiseling right and left. They don't any more.

But from the point of view of service and unique atmosphere the Stork Club is unmatched. Go backstage, where the waiters dress and the band congregates, read the notices on the walls and bulletins and you will understand why.

Here is an excerpt from a framed notice that hangs in the service elevator:

"Shame, shame, shame on some of the Captains for letting their personal dress and appearance run down to such an extent. Shame on them for allowing some of the Waiters and Bus Boys working under them to serve food when they look so unpresentable. Don't you know that Captains are supposed to see that all Waiters and Bus Boys wear clean shirts, ties, jackets and trousers and that they keep their hair cut closely and are clean shaven?

"It is also the duty of the Captains to see that the Waiters and Bus Boys have their shoes shined, trousers pressed, that their hands and fingernails are kept clean. Now please don't make it necessary for me to repeat myself."

Here is another:

"Headwaiters T——, J—— and F——, and all other employes will please refrain from putting their hands on customers, or forcing customers to shake hands, or answer questions. Simply be pleasant and bid them the time of day coming and going, and that will be sufficient."

FROM time to time, Billingsley hires operatives from private detective agencies to come and spend an evening at the Stork Club, and submit a report on every single thing that happened to them, or they observed, about either help or patrons, including the watchdog at the velvet rope, the hatcheck girl, headwaiters, bartenders, bandsmen, busboys.

That report is then posted on the bulletin board where all the help can read it and see themselves as others saw them. In his private office he has a two way radio set which enables him to cut in on various spots in the club and listen to what is going on and how the patrons are being treated. Members of the staff are never sure that they are not under observation for manners and behavior towards the clients.

But his help swears by him. He pays them well, feeds them, gives them cigars and cigarettes, lets them draw up to three bottles of beer a day each and one drink of stronger liquor when they finish work. Recently he installed an old carnival numbers wheel behind the scenes. Each employe gets a number. Once a day the wheel is spun. The winning number gets an extra ten dollars.

He has given numerous gifts to charity, some as high as $5,000. He belongs, among others, to the New York Athletic Club, the Winged Foot Golf Club, the Lake Placid Club and the Manhattan Club. A movie which grossed $6,000,000 was built around his establishment—a rare tribute in itself. And during his building days he assured himself undying fame by naming a street Billingsley Terrace.

Unknown visitors from out of town who are sober and nicely dresed have no difficulty passing the velvet rope of the Stork Club. Pests, drunks, gangsters, ladies of the evening, boisterous cheapjacks cannot get by to menace or annoy the regulars. Billingsley likes money, but not their kind of money. His policy has paid off a hundredfold.

A lot of people like to brag that they are bosom friends of Sherman Billingsley, but few are close to him. Like many men out of the West, he is a loner and he has a deadly eye for a phony. His rough, hard beginnings gave him a knowledge of human nature which he applies 24 hours a day to his one passion—his joint.

Billingsley, the Oklahoma farm boy who didn't have the money to pay for sixth grade schooling.

BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST

THE NEWEST

CHEVROLET

More value—that's why more people drive Chevrolets than drive any other make

CHEVROLET

SEE YOUR LOCAL CHEVROLET DEALER

"my FAITH"

by Lecomte du Nouy

ANY effort to visualize God reveals a surprising childishness. We can no more conceive Him than we can conceive an electron. Yet many people do not believe in God simply because they cannot visualize Him. They forget that this incapacity is not, in itself, a proof of non-existence, considering that they firmly believe in the electron.

We are in the habit of juggling nowadays with entities known to us only through their effects. These are the particles, electrons, protons, neutrons. Individually they are rigorously inconceivable, and physicists who specialize in this branch of science "forbid" any attempt at visualization. This does not disturb anybody, and their existence is not doubted for an instant.

The agnostic and the atheist do not seem to be in the least disturbed by the fact that our entire organized, living universe becomes incomprehensible without the hypothesis of God. Their belief in some physical elements, of which they know very little, has all the earmarks of an irrational faith, but they are not aware of it.

Our science is not universal as yet and only governs inanimate matter. If we maintain our faith in science as far as inert matter is concerned — and there is no reason for us not to do so — there can be only one explanation for its failure; namely, that nature itself is not homogeneous, as we believed, and that there is a solution of continuity between inorganic matter and life which our actual science cannot account for. Thus we need not accuse science as a whole. It keeps all its value, as far as we are concerned, for everything that is not alive. Life, then, does not fit into the universal pattern we tried to build.

According to the telefinalist hypothesis, man must continue to evolve toward spirituality. He must free himself from the domination of his animal reactions and from the crude ideas inherited from his direct ancestors, vestiges of the first conflicts between primitive conscience and adverse nature.

The tenacious memories of this transitional epoch when man waged an unequal fight against instincts and meteors, when he clumsily tried to adapt himself to a new world in which unaccustomed tendencies, aspirations and desires had just appeared, still weigh heavily on him.

Besides the scientific attitude, which is the privilege of a few and has led some of the greatest minds of all times to admit the necessity of God; besides religion and spiritual thinking, which have their roots in the deepest aspirations of man, there is only one mediocre and misleading approach left — an approach sadly bereft of beauty, namely, common sense.

Alas, common sense will not suffice to catalyze, to accelerate the spiritual evolution in which man is engaged.

As it is impossible to direct, to help every man individually, we are obliged to fashion leaders, and, as intellectual qualities are not distributed equally, we must prepare two different methods for gaining access to consciences. The first must rest on the most plausible interpretation of scientific facts and on a precise knowledge of the goal to be attained. The second, on the knowledge of human psychology and on the preponderance of sentimental ideas.

The first must be employed to prepare the teachers who will be responsible for the orientation of the coming generations. The second, less intellectual and more emotional, will enable the leaders to reach the very heart of the masses.

Religions tried to establish this distinction long ago. They created an exoteric doctrine for the people which differed from the esoteric doctrine intended for the disciples. Today we can conceive a harmonious cosmos, the laws of which reinforce our intuitive, religious aspirations without ever contradicting them.

Many would accept the hardest disciplines if he could be convinced that there is no conflict between religion and science; if his intellectual, rational self did not always enter into collision with his sentimental, intuitive self.

No matter what our religion, we are all like people at the bottom of a valley who seek to climb a snowy peak that dominates the others. We all have our eyes fixed on the same goal, and we agree that there is but one summit to reach. Unfortunately we differ on what road to take. Guides come forward and we follow them. Some go one way, others choose different paths. All are convinced that their trail is the best, and all are sincere.

Yet they know that one day, provided they never stop ascending, they must all meet at the top of the mountain and that the road to reach it matters little.

Diverse in their form modeled by the external conditions, varying according to the climates, adapted to the soil, to the people, to the traditions, religions are all arrayed under a universal rule, the source of which is supernatural and constitutes their reason for existence.

Intolerance is a proof of incomprehension. The intellectual elite demands a reasonable foundation, whereas the mass is content with sentiment and turns instinctively toward those whom it believes capable of guiding it, just as a flock blindly follows the direction given by the leader.

If the orientation of this group is bad or dangerous, so much the worse for the flock. Somehow the crowd must be made to understand that the important thing is, not to follow, but to make an individual effort, and it is imperative for the leaders to comprehend that their task is to obtain this effort.

Those who draw from within themselves the necessary elements to feed their faith and direct their lives are fortunate. There are many others, however, whose rational ego is not in harmony with their sentimental and religious selves.

Vain and unconscious men, surrounded by the halo of science, under pretense that the spiritual light which guided humanity in the past was unreal, have raised opaque veils covered with obscure symbols, in order to hide the Light. They did not understand that what mattered was the human orientation which resulted therefrom, and that this reality could not be denied, whereas the Light itself was not of their realm.

Let Man remember that the Law is, and always has been, to struggle and that the fight has lost nothing of its violence by being transposed from the material onto the spiritual plane. Let him remember that his own dignity, his nobility as a human being, must emerge from his efforts to liberate himself from his bondage and to obey his deepest aspirations. And let him above all never forget that the divine spark is in him, in him alone, and that he is free to disregard it, to kill it, or to come closer to God by showing his eagerness to work with Him, and for Him.

This Likeness of Lecomte du Nouy Is a Photo of a Plaque Presented to Him by the Pasteur Institute.

DR. PIERRE LECOMTE DU NOUY, author of the best seller, "Human Destiny," has made numerous medical and biological discoveries, including the mathematical rule for the process of wound healing. He found that the rate of wound healing gives the true physiological age of a person, for with aging healing becomes slower.

A former student of Madame Curie, discoverer of radium, colleague of the late Dr. Alexis Carrel in France and at the Rockefeller Institute, New York, du Nouy explored science as well as religion.

Residing at present in California, this famous French scientist is now seeking to give man new faith.

Specially compiled from Lecomte du Nouy's "HUMAN DESTINY" (1947) by permission of and copyrighted by Longmans, Green & Co.

Consuelo Was Only 17 When She Accepted the Nobleman Her Mother Chose for Her—and With Him a Quarter Century of Unhappiness and Misery

By Eugene Francis

Bartered BRIDES

CHARLES RICHARD JOHN, ninth Duke of Marlborough, fidgeted and squirmed and looked at his watch for the 20th time.

His young-old face reddened with anger as he reminded himself he had been kept waiting 15 minutes at the rendezvous. An outrage, by gad! He had half a mind to bolt; to drop the whole thing and go back to England.

But he had a better, and more practical, side that bade him wait. After all, $2,500,000 American money would pay a lot of debts and put Blenheim Castle, the ducal estate, back on its feet, so to speak, with plumbing added. Then there was the matter of $100,000 he was to receive annually.

He decided to wait another five minutes in the anteroom of New York's fashionable St. Thomas's Church. Then he managed a grimace that passed for a smile and went forward to meet his bride, 17-year-old Consuelo Vanderbilt.

That day, Nov. 6, 1895, was a great day in New York society because at that time it wasn't everybody who could afford a duke as a son-in-law. The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, could and they smiled benignly as they caught envious glances of the Goelets, the Astors, the Oelrichses and the Belmonts.

It was a tragic day for the beautiful bride; a day that was to rob her of joy and tranquillity for a quarter of a century.

If on that November day she could have foreseen the years of misery before her, she might have kept the Duke waiting a lifetime.

As it was, she went to the altar like an obedient child, forsaking her true love, and trying to make the best of a bad bargain.

Before the Duke of Marlborough appeared on the scene, Consuelo Vanderbilt reckoned herself the luckiest, the happiest girl in the world.

She was 17; she was pretty; she was rich and destined to get richer without lifting a dainty finger and, most important of all, she was in love!

THERE had been no official announcement but intimates knew that Consuelo had a "secret understanding" with young Winthrop Rutherfurd, direct descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, thus qualifying in the "oldest family" category.

Socially and financially it would have been an ideal marriage, but suitor Rutherfurd had one drawback where the girl's parents were concerned. He had no title.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt had decided to improve the family's social standing, make it international, by seeing to it that Consuelo married royalty, if possible; failing in that, "high nobility."

The steps she took to insure such a marriage were narrated a generation later by her daughter, Consuelo, as the latter sought to have The Rota of Rome annul her marriage to Marlborough.

Discussing her feelings for Winthrop Rutherfurd in her teens, the bartered bride testified:

"My mother detached me from him and obliged me to leave the United States, intercepting our letters. My mother made continuous scenes.

"She said I must obey her, that I had no right to choose a husband for myself but must accept her choice. She also said my opposition was ruining her health and that I might be the cause of her death.

"There was one terrible scene when she told me that if I succeeded in escaping, she would take the first opportunity to shoot my lover—that she would be sent to prison and executed and the responsibility would be mine.

"Having destroyed the possibility of my marriage to the man I loved, my mother told me she had chosen a suitable husband who would shortly be arriving in America as her guest.

"I persist and declare that I agreed to marry the Duke of Marlborough only under pressure from my mother and in accordance with her absolute will."

It was a strong indictment but it wasn't strong enough to make her mother wince.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt Belmont (she had divorced Vanderbilt and married O. H. P. Belmont shortly after Consuelo's ill-fated marriage) finally realized she had failed as a matchmaker.

To support her daughter's plea for annulment, the stately dowager testified:

"When I issued an order, nobody discussed it. I, therefore, did not beg, but ordered my daughter to marry the Duke."

Between that marriage, in 1895, and its formal annulment in 1926, Consuelo and her mother learned a lesson that should have been a warning for other rich American girls.

The purchase of a title doesn't insure happiness, or even a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Early in the honeymoon, the Duke dealt the first blow. He was, he informed his bride, allergic to American girls and she was no exception. However, the Duke admitted to a fondness for American dollars and drove a hard bargain.

He used a considerable portion of the $2,500,000 he had received from the Vanderbilts to restore Blenheim Castle. Its art treasures had been sold, its grounds neglected and the buildings themselves were in danger of disintegrating.

The new duchess did her part to restore the ducal fortune and outward appearance. She spent $3,000,000 to erect the great Sunderland House in London, a project the Duke did not applaud.

He noticed shortcomings in the structure and informed the Vanderbilts he would need $250,000, in addition to the original grant and his $100,000 a year "salary" to complete the great work.

The Vanderbilts demurred and the Duke opened a long range campaign of insults and jibes against his in-laws and his beautiful wife that caused even his friends to turn away from him.

After one of his tirades, the Earl of Rosebery, formerly Prime Minister, said of Marlborough:

"I don't see how any woman could stand that little beast for a month!"

But Consuelo "stood" him—long enough to bear him two sons, in 1897 and 1898. Her hope that the children would change the attitude of her contemptuous husband expired in 1907.

Worn out with the losing struggle, the American Duchess signed a voluntary deed of separation, providing for the maintenance of the two young heirs, and the Duke did likewise.

When the older son, who later became the tenth Duke of Marlborough, was 21, a new agreement had to be made. Consuelo and her husband had one of their infrequent meetings and he put on his "company manners." He wooed his wife again and suggested a reconciliation.

Consuelo was willing. The charm and the good nature that had made her popular with the royal family was turned to the task of patching up the marriage and keeping the family intact.

After two weeks, the effort proved to be too great for Charles Richard John, ninth Duke of Marlborough. He left home, after writing:

"I am convinced it is impossible for us to live happily together."

The Duchess took the next step, a suit for divorce alleging misconduct. In 1920, shortly after the 25th anniversary of her marriage, the decree was granted.

Consuelo sighed with relief, confident that the last vestige of married life had been removed.

A year after her divorce, Consuelo married Colonel Jacques Balsan, a dashing French cavalry officer—and the memory of Marlborough returned to mar the honeymoon.

The colonel's church did not recognize her divorce. In order to have her second marriage sanctioned, the first would have to be annulled.

Her mother, by then Mrs. Belmont, made amends by furthering her cause before the Rota of the Roman Catholic Church and there mother and daughter told how Consuelo had become the Duchess of Marlborough against her will.

The annulment was granted in due time, although the testimony was not disclosed until after the colonel and his lady had withdrawn from the social whirl of Europe and New York.

Driven from their Riviera estate by World War II, Consuelo and her second husband finally settled in the United States. She built a magnificent villa on Hypoluxo Island near Palm Beach for winter tenancy, maintaining a summer "place" at East Norwich, Long Island.

DESPITE the inroads on her purse made by the Duke of Marlborough, her estate was valued at more than $9,000,000 in a court accounting rendered after their final separation—enough to keep the wolf, with or without a title, from the door.

In her 70s, Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan has long dedicated her life to her husband and her family and makes few "official" appearances in society.

But the acquisitive Duke of Marlborough, his appetite for American gold whetted by his marriage into the Vanderbilt family, made another matrimonial raid on the money chest before he died.

His second American bride was Gladys Deacon, known as the beautiful but dumb duchess, termed "the most beautiful woman in England" and described as a "goddess."

Gladys had been Consuelo's girlhood chum; in fact, she had served as a bridesmaid at Consuelo's wedding to the Duke.

The amount specified in the marriage contract was not made public but his few friends limited that Marlborough must have done quite well. He was a great business man at the time, they said, pointing to the $3,600,000 plus he had acquired from the Vanderbilt wealth, other than divorce, ended the second ducal marriage.

Upon the death of the Duke, his widow returned to Blenheim Castle.

Her companions on the Marlborough ancestral acres were 50 dogs.

Consuelo's older son, the tenth Duke of Marlborough, had an ironic report to make following his last inspection of the castle.

Three of the massive rooms, restored with some of the Vanderbilt millions, had been converted into kennels, and in them romped 30 spaniels—happier than previous occupants of the huge castle, including Consuelo Vanderbilt, had ever been in the onetime seat of splendor.

The Duke Was Kept Waiting at the Church for 20 Minutes, but It Was a Happy Wedding Day for Him as Well as His Ambitious Mother-in-Law

Illustrated by TONY VARADY

Consuelo Vanderbilt's Costly Title

Consuelo as the Duchess of Marlborough—She Found That the Purchase of a Title Is No Happiness Insurance.

Our Friend THE DOG

A Boy and His Dog—"They Are No More Inseparable Companions Than an Old Fellow and His Dog."

Frederic Lewis

IF you've ever owned and loved a dog, you'll probably be proud of the special name given to the week that starts today. It's National Dog Week, a tribute to mutts as well as purebreds.

It couldn't be signalized better than by sentiments here expressed by men who have spoken for all dog lovers—the late Booth Tarkington, the late Senator George Graham Vest and by William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. Tarkington's sentiment was expressed in an appeal on behalf of mongrels, his letter addressed to the Indianapolis, Ind., City Council.

"I think it was a great man, Maurice Maeterlinck, who first put the thought into words that out of the hundreds of thousands of species of animals only one had come to be man's friend and love him," he wrote.

"Only the dog had abandoned even his own kind and voluntarily crossed the vast abyss that separates the species."

Mr. Tarkington then pleaded for dog waifs, advocating a shelter.

"Upon the decision of the council rests a difference for many of them between hell or earth.

"There's a word much used of late years...underprivileged. What of the underprivileged (dogs) who can't even hope to be $4 dogs? The answer turns the heart sick; but we haven't found any other; they must die...Can Indianapolis afford to be a city wherein the quality of mercy is not shown to the helpless?"

The city replied by opening a downtown municipal pet shop.

Even before the Senate of the United States, the case for the dog has been stated. The late Senator Vest, of Missouri, presented it historically away back in 1884. He said:

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, homeless and friendless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Mr. Hearst's tribute was embodied in a letter written after the death of his dog, Helen. He wrote:

"You know, Frank, a boy and his dog are no more inseparable companions than an old fellow and his dog.

"An old bozo is a nuisance to almost everybody—except his dog. To his dog he is just as good as he ever was—maybe better, because he is more appreciative of the dog's devotion.

"Anyhow, the dog and the old guy understand each other and get along 'just swell.' So I do miss Helen. I was very fond of her.

"She always slept on a big chair in my room and her solicitous gaze followed me to bed at night and was the first thing to greet me when I woke in the morning. Then when I arose, she begged for the special distinction of being put in my bed, and there she lay in luxurious enjoyment of the proud privilege until I was ready to leave.

"But whether in repose or on the alert—in her chair or on her feet—no one came near the door, day or night, that my little sentry did not challenge him.

"And all day long at work or play, at meals or at the movies, at social conversations or business conferences, Helen was on the job and stuck steadfastly to her self-appointed task of protecting her master and friend.

"Whether she was walking by his side, or seemingly asleep in her chair, she always kept at least one watchful brown eye fixed upon him.

"The protection of a big husky like myself by a little wisp like Helen was unnecessary, of course, and amusing perhaps, but that was her serious conception of her duty and she performed it with touching fidelity.

"Who could fail to be won by so much care and conscientious concern—so much attention and affection?

"Aldous Huxley says 'Every dog thinks its master Napoleon, hence the popularity of dogs.'

"That is not the strict truth. Every dog adores its master notwithstanding the master's imperfections, of which it is probably acutely aware. And its master, unless he is lower in the animal scale than the dog, responds to such devotion.

"Moreover, an affectionate and intelligent dog is really an agreeable companion.

"It suits itself to your moods. It does not chatter when you want quiet. It is gay when you wish to be gay. When you are sorrowful it is sad. When you are thoughtful it is silent. When you want to be alone it waits patiently outside your door.

"When you leave the house or the car without it, it watches in tense expectancy 'til you return. Then it always greets you joyously. By coming back you have lifted a great load off its mind.

"As Irene Castle says: 'You can say to a child you will be back soon, and it does not worry. But when you leave a dog, it does not know whether you will ever be back.'

"You might be gone an hour or a year, or forever. So the faithful animal is in a constant state of distress and alarm until it sees you coming home. That is why it cannot restrain its delight. Its friend, that it has feared lost, is with it once again. It is not left alone in a cruel world.

"So as your dog loves you, you come to love your dog. Not because it thinks you are Napoleon, not because YOU think you are Napoleon. But because love creates love, devotion inspires devotion, unselfishness begets unselfishness and self-sacrifice, and that fact is more than a commendable quality in the animal kingdom. It is the eventual hope of humanity.

"Helen died in my bed and in my arms. I have buried her on the hillside overlooking the green lawn where she used to run—and surrounded by the flowers.

"I will not need a monument to remember her. But I am placing over her little grave a stone with the inscription—

"Here lies dearest Helen—my devoted friend—W. R. Hearst."

Irene Dunne–William Powell
in Clarence Day's Life With Father
A Warner Bros. Production

Del Monte Reporter: "Will any one talent make a girl a star?"

Irene Dunne: "Not really. Stardom is the sum of many talents and achievements."

"Of course, a girl has to be a good actress — but look at the number of special abilities that make good acting — expression, diction, interpretation, timing.

"And on top of these, it requires the natural gifts of charm, beauty, and personality.

"No, you can't honestly say any one thing makes a star.

"It takes a variety of talents to achieve success."

You can say that for good coffee, Miss Dunne —
7 great coffees make Del Monte famous for flavor!

Flavor has always been our goal. And when it comes to coffee, we set out to give folks the richest, heartiest coffee flavor they could hope for.

The way to full flavor — like the way to stardom — demands a combination of many special qualities.

We found out long ago that ordinary blends of three or four coffees just won't give you complete coffee enjoyment. Not the way we see it, anyway.

It takes seven great coffees to make the satisfying flavor of Del Monte.

We search the world, looking for just the coffees that provide the particular characteristics of flavor we want. Blend these qualities together, and you've got the fullest coffee flavor that's been around in a long time.

One whiff of that friendly aroma . . . one sip of that honest coffee flavor . . . and you'll know what a difference *seven* coffees make. Yes, you'll be tempted to say you've never enjoyed a coffee more.

Try the fuller flavor of Del Monte Coffee tomorrow.

Del Monte Coffee

Seven great coffees in one

don't let
Dry Skin
make you look older

new
Woodbury Special
Dry Skin Cream

- discourages tiny dry-skin lines
- softens flaky, rough skin
- gives a fresher, younger look

BEWARE! Dry skin brings deeper lines, flaking . . . may make you look years older than you are!

Here's a cream with proven powers to combat dryness. Rich in lanolin's skin-softening benefits. Plus four more rich oils. Apply to face, hands, throat over-night, or for just 15 daytime minutes. See its beautifying benefits. Send for your free sample today.

FREE SAMPLE . . . See beautifying results!

I want to try FREE sample of Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream, and see its soft-ening action on skin. (Print name, address clearly. Paste coupon on penny post-card.) Mail to Dept. 36, Cincinnati 11, O. 42

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(Offer good in U. S. A. only)

How to give
QUICK REST
to tired eyes

• Your precious eyes are your most [illegible]. No other part of your [illegible] so sensitive, yet [illegible] often [illegible] neglected. [illegible] — if your eyes feel tired, [illegible] you should see a specialist at once. And if your eyes feel tired [illegible] because of overwork or the effects of dust, wind, sun or night glare, give them a quick rest with Murine. Murine contains seven ingredients blended to bring instant, soothing relief. Murine cleanses as gently as a tear: just two drops in each eye and in just a few seconds you feel a wonderful comforting sensation. If your eyes feel rested, you usually feel better all over. You can use Murine as often as your eyes tell you to — it is gentle, yet effective, for children and grown-ups alike — even infants, too, because so little goes so far. Get Murine from your druggist today in the familiar green and black package. Send 10c for refillable pocket-size sample bottle, to Dept. B-9, The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Illinois. Use Murine for your eyes daily.

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To quickly relieve corns, sore toes, callouses, tender spots, bunions, instep ridges, chafed heels—use thin, superior type, flesh color moleskin—Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. Prevents blisters. Stays on in bath. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10c stores.

Dr Scholl's KURotex

For Constant Good Care of Each Type of Rug You Own Read Doris Denison's Column "Care of Rugs."

Sleep Rider

"HURRY," she hissed into the boy's ear, her fingers digging into his arm as she [illegible] "Hurry. A [illegible] and [illegible] Jerked [illegible] from his eyes, [illegible] the door and outside.

Crouched in the shadows by the barn, he watched his father ride past him out into the moonlight. The man's eyes were open wide and staring straight ahead, his body stiffly erect in the saddle. A few minutes later the boy rode out into the night after him shivering as much from fright as from the chill air.

There are many stories of sleep-walkers and the strange things they do, but Bulmaro Juarez Manzano's was the strangest of all. He was a "sleep-rider."

Every now and then, he rose from his bed in his sleep, saddled his horse and rode off into the fields of his small farm near San Francisco, Mexico.

When neighbors heard the pounding of hoofbeats in the night, they crossed themselves and huddled lower in their beds, knowing that Manzano was sleep-riding again.

Behind him, well in the rear, rode his eldest son.

Superstition has it that if you suddenly awaken a person who is sleep-walking that person will die. So Manzano's distracted wife did the only thing she could think of—she sent their [illegible] to follow him. What [illegible] boy could do, she did [illegible] knew, except to watch and [illegible]

[illegible]ere seemed to be little [illegible]d to Bulmaro's meanderings. Sometimes he rode to the south, sometimes off into the east. Often he would snap into consciousness after only a comparatively short gallop.

Then, there were other times when he might range for miles before awakening in the saddle.

Whatever the case, his son would trail patiently in the wake of Bulmaro's hoofbeats—a frail shadow drifting along after a ghostly rider.

This night, several weeks ago, Manzano rode out as before, followed by the terrified boy. Faster and faster they went, over the fields and through sleeping countryside.

Plunging along at a full gallop, suddenly Manzano's horse shied at a shadow cast by the brilliant moonlight and stumbled. Before the boy's horror-stricken eyes, horse and rider pitched over the edge of a 600-foot cliff. When the boy finally reached them, he found both were dead.

Manzano is gone. But sometimes in the small hours when the moon is full, the neighbors say, they hear the pounding of hoofbeats. And they cross themselves again and wonder.

When Neighbors Heard the Drum of Hoofbeats in the Night, They Knew That Manzano Was Off on Another Gallop That He Wouldn't Remember.

Wiles of the Fortune Tellers

EVERY year thousands of Americans fall for the hocus pocus of fortune tellers and enrich these charlatans by more than $125,000,000.

Some of the victims of this ancient and persistent racket lose their money because they believe that "students of the occult" can look at a mess of tea leaves, a crystal ball, or a chart of the heavens, and give useful information and advice about financial matters and affairs of the heart.

Others fall for a variety of swindles by "gypsies" and "swamis". Sometimes the "take" is considerable one New York woman lost $10,000 to a gypsy who had convinced her that two $20 bills could be made to bloom where only one bloomed before.

An article in next week's magazine explains how some of this country's crop of fortune tellers work, and tells what happened to some of their disillusioned victims. Don't miss "Wiles of the Fortune Tellers."

SOME of the finest and most considerate people in America are liars—not habitual twisters of the truth, but tellers of "little white lies" that save their relatives and friends from the bitter pain of heartbreak.

One of the articles in next week's issue tells the touching and dramatic stories of three people whose lives were made happier because someone had the intelligence not to tell them the truth.

People who insist on always "calling a spade a spade" will find something to think about in "Merciful White Lies."

Virginia Mayo discovers New Improved DRENE!

VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring in SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"

At last! The Miracle Shampoo that lets your hair *Shine like the Stars*

VIRGINIA MAYO, dazzling Hollywood star, says: "Thanks to new Drene, my hair is now so full of highlights it actually shows!"

Now you can have hair that shines like the stars—with this wonderfully improved Drene! For it now makes *quicker, richer, more active* lather. Brings out *all* the sheen in your hair. Far more sheen—by actual test—than *any* soap shampoo.

And new improved Drene never dries out your hair. Instead, it actually helps avoid dryness from shampooing. Yes, leaves your hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl, and arrange. Try new Drene! *At your dealer's now in the same blue-and-yellow package.*

Now! Better for *all* types of hair→

Hiding valuables was once the custom. Now, wise people entrust them to banks...it's modern, safe!

Wise women trust their linens to Clorox...it's modern, safe!

Why take chances, at today's high linen prices? Clorox conserves linens...it's extra-gentle!

JOIN the millions of housewives who rely on Clorox in laundering. It makes white cottons and linens fresh, sanitary, snowy-white (brightens fast colors) with extra-gentle efficiency. For Clorox is free from caustic and other harsh substances . . . made by an exclusive patented process. And, too, Clorox reduces rubbing . . . conserves linens, time, work! Used in routine cleansing Clorox provides added health protection...it disinfects, deodorizes...also removes stains. Simply follow directions on label.

CLOROX *America's Favorite Bleach and Household Disinfectant*

FIRST in Quality...in Performance...in Preference!

BOON HOUSEHOLD CLEANER is another top-quality housekeeping aid. It wipes away dirt and grease, quickly, easily from washable surfaces. Excellent on autos. Safe on paint and hands. At your grocer's.
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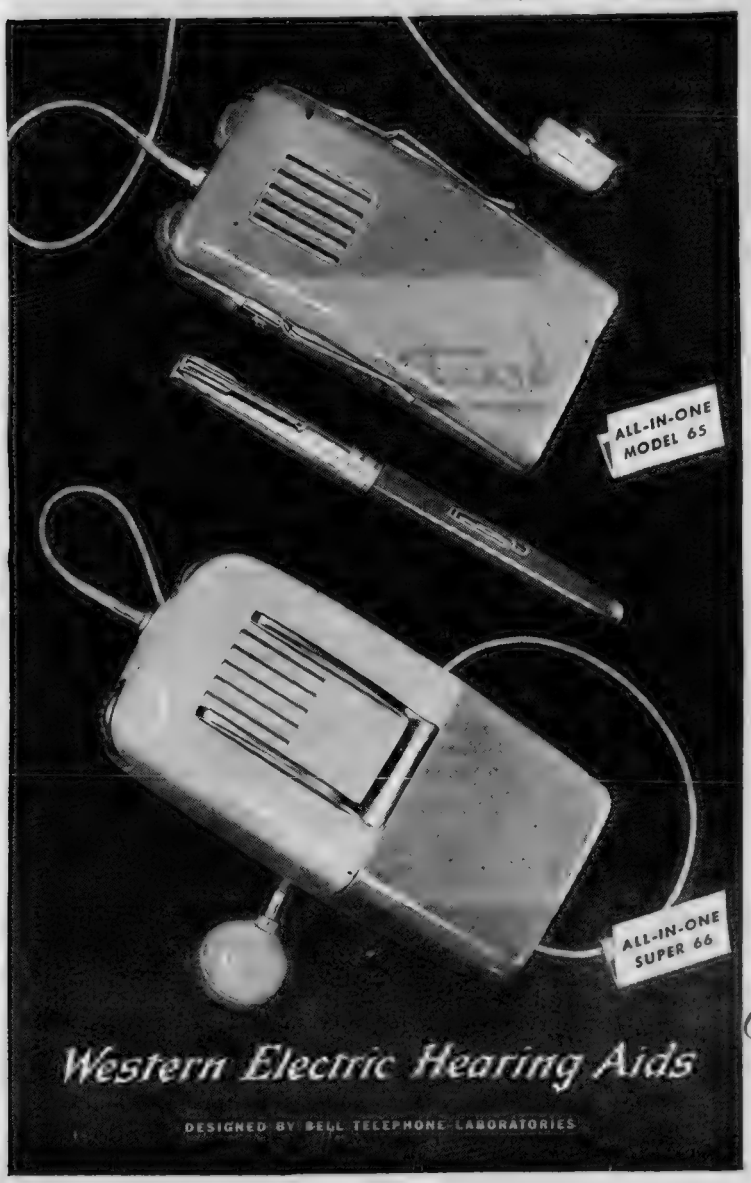
Two New Hearing Aids . . . to fit the personal hearing needs of *anyone* who can be helped by a hearing aid



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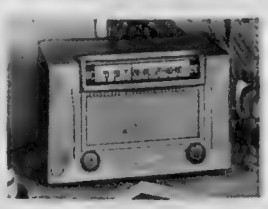

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Now That Sugar Is Back on the Kitchen Shelf You Can Satisfy Your Sweet Tooth by Trying Amy Alden's Delicious Dessert Recipes on the Household Page in This Issue.

Anti-Social Register

ALL over the world there are editors who collect histories of the men and women rated as tops in society, finance, politics and the professions.

But Eric Allison, 23-year-old Englishman, is the only editor who's compiling a special Who's Who behind bars. Eric has set out to be the Boswell of Britain's underworld. He's writing a book about crooks and he has just been given four years of guaranteed free lodging in Wakefield Prison, Yorkshire, in which to complete his writing.

He didn't apply for a Sneakthief's Scholarship; a judge awarded it to him without solicitation for burglary.

Eric's literary labors began last summer while he was serving six months for stealing a typewriter. His writing—unaided by the recovered typewriter — came to official notice recently when he got his third sentence.

This time, the police historians gave their unofficial rival more credit. He'd committed, they said, eight housebreakings, six post office frauds, and on one occasion, had attacked a postmistress.

So the judge threw the book at Eric—and Eric admitted that a big, half-filled notebook found in his room was the beginning of his book on crime and criminals.

The book, indexed from A to Z, listed the names, ages, addresses, appearance, criminal abilities and habits of all the crooks the chronicler of crime had ever met or heard of.

Wondering detectives scanned the volume and decided that, regarding certain illegal characters, Eric possessed more information than Scotland Yard. A sample entry read:

"Jim Brown, 35, 5 ft. 11 in., 175 pds.; married, but has girl friends wherever he operates; black hair, blue eyes; dresses slovenly. Expert safecracker, but nervous on the job. Now serving five years; due for release Dec. 5, 1947."

There were numerous references to fences who handled stolen goods for Eric. The book listed the valuables in which they specialized, such as furs, jewelry, cameras and weapons, and rated them according to terms, "fair," "chiseler" and "generous." But Eric astutely listed his fences in code—and despite their efforts, detectives haven't been able to break it yet.

Some of the sleuths strongly opposed return of the dynamite-laden booklet to the man who prepared it. But British law holds very stern views about property rights, so, even though the anti-social author is in the cooler, he got his notes back.

Whenever he's freed, however, it's probable that no crook will ever be shadowed as thoroughly as Eric Allison, the burglarious Boswell.

The Police Discovered That the Book the Young Criminal Wrote in His Spare Time Is a Sort of "Who's Who" of the Underworld.

Worming His Way to College

SEVENTY-TWO THOUSAND worms are a lot of worms, as 16-year-old Richard Lay, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas, can tell you. He has counted every one of the 72,000 himself, and he hopes to count a lot more before he's through. Those worms are going to take him to college.

Dick sells them to fishermen, three dozen for a quarter. He specializes in the kind that look like porterhouse steak and french fries to a hungry fish. He figures that his 72,000 worms should have brought in some 144,000 fish, since any good angler can take a fish on half a worm, and he likes to think of all the tall stories he has contributed to. He can hold a mean rod himself.

Dick started his business when his dad's nursery was discontinued during the early years of the war. He found that the cultivated ground, well ventilated and fertilized, was a sort of worms' Shangri-la, teeming with contented, well-fed crawlers. He began digging in.

By the time he graduates from high school next year, Dick figures he will have saved enough money to put himself through the first few years at Texas A & M, where he wants to study chemical engineering.

Dick hopes that before then he will have counted an additional 72,000 to 80,000 worms. He says now he's a lot bigger, so he can dig faster for his customers and himself.

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The Yacht

By Patricia Schmidt

(As Told to Jack Stone and Peter Levins)

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"DID John Lester Mee create a Frankenstein monster, only to find he had a real-life counterpart in 21-year-old dancer Patricia Schmidt?"

One of the news stories I now have in my possession opened with that question. It keeps echoing through my thoughts as I await my fate in Guanabacoa prison, Cuba. Could there have been a basis for such a shocking suggestion?

I was his slave; I became his destroyer. He had worked upon me. He had assumed the role of creator. In the beginning he was kind and gentle; in the end—something else. Was he trying all the while to transform his Satira into the devil-enchantress, the she-tyrant of his Godless imagination? I wonder.

"I must torture you because I love you. And you, my sweet, must torture me. That is the ultimate ecstasy."

Those were his words.

But there was no hint of this when Jack and I parted at the railroad station in Chicago on the morning on Nov. 2, 1946. He was then still the gallant sweetheart of my ideals, and I began my journey full of happy anticipation.

Like any couple in love, we had made delightful plans, and I saw no obstacle to their eventual realization.

I would go through with my dance contract in the West Indies, meantime getting a divorce from Carl, and then Jack and I would be married in Mexico, probably in Acapulco where (as I believed) we would make our home. He had told me repeatedly that he intended to start a boat business and then open a night club there.

As I have related, he and Charles (Chuck) Jackson had bought a surplus navy patrol boat that fall for $750. They planned to take a small group of passengers on a cruise which would terminate at glamorous Acapulco. The guests were to pay $300 each.

Since there was no telling when I would be back in Chicago, I put just about everything I owned aboard the boat. I also left with Jack some money to bank for me, jewelry to send to my father in Toledo, and furs to store. I trusted him in everything. I believed his promises.

"I want to set up a good boat business so we won't have to worry about income," said a letter I received while I was in Trinidad. "Then the night club. Then a winter in Miami. Then the world, and always Satira, with me, possessing me, dancing with me, swimming, sailing, lying in the sun, loving me as only you can.

"Everything I am doing," he wrote, "is for you, belongs to you. I am so madly in love that nothing seems to worry me—nothing except you."

As I learned later, they christened the yacht with rose water and tequila, naming it Satira, and on the morning of Dec. 3 they got under way.

But it was to prove a disappointing project for all concerned. Engine trouble delayed them as they moved down the Mississippi. Then, nearing New Orleans on Dec. 17, the boat was rammed by a tug coming to its assistance, and had to be towed to a shipyard for a two-week repair job.

Jack telephoned me on Dec. 21 from New Orleans, then wrote me a letter. (By this time I was in Havana, and in a rather desperate financial situation—of which more anon.) The letter began, "My beloved darling, thank the Lord I could hear your voice again and know you are well." He told about the difficulties they had encountered, then continued:

"We should be off by Wednesday to Havana and you. Think I will stay in Havana a while, so if you can get a job there, do it. Later depends on you and where you want to go. The Satira is okay and all your things are aboard. Enclosed is $50 which is about all I can spare until I get some more from Chicago.

"Please don't leave me any more—ever again—because I need you—I am sick without you—I love you—completely."

He signed it, "Your Slave, J. L."

Another letter, typical of many he sent women he had captivated:

"I haven't wanted to tell you this for some reason or other—but I have never been so blue and depressed, and as you must know, it largely is being homesick for Satira—wanting you, needing you so much it frightens me.

"It frightens me because I wonder just how seriously you are thinking of me. If you need me, if you think of me seriously as belonging to you and you alone, then we'll have a wonderful life together."

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, he wrote another letter, but this one wasn't to me.

"My baby darling—Merry Xmas," it began.

"It's kinda lonesome down here today. Don't like this town any better than I used to—but it's warm and beautiful.

"We're still having engine trouble, so we'll lay over till Friday or Saturday. Then head for Havana—maybe go to Nassau from there. Then some of the islands. Acapulco looks sort of far away—at least by water.

"We have had an exciting trip so far. Everything has happened except murder, earthquakes and civil war.

"Guess it was too much to expect a letter from you. Drop me a line care of Gen. Deliv., New Orleans, if soon, or Havana later.

"Love you."

This letter was to a woman I did not

"He Struck Me on the Side of the Head and I Fell to the Floor. Then He Went Back to the Companionway, Blocking the Way Out. His Eyes Were Wild and He Was Breathing Hard."

Illustrated by JAY WATSON

Tragedy

dream' existed—Mary Dixon Mee, his wife. She had married him in 1942, and they were still married. Time and again she had found proof of his perfidy, and time and again she had forgiven him. Even while he made those wonderful plans with me that fall, he was urging Mary to join him in Mexico for a second honeymoon!

As I have indicated, the West Indies tour turned out badly for me and the five other girls in the troupe.

WE were treated like celebrities when we arrived at Port of Spain, Trinidad, but we soon discovered we had made a very poor bargain indeed. We found working conditions atrocious—the theatres were not equipped to handle stage shows—and we were badly managed— we received only two weeks pay, out of which $40 was taken for train fare. Also, my contract required the management to pay my hotel rent, but it didn't work out that way. We spent days in lawyers' offices trying to collect the money due us, but got nowhere. Finally we returned to Port of Spain, and the show broke up.

I sold some of my clothes, then cabled Jack that the tour had ended. (My divorce had gone through late in November.) He replied that he would meet me in Havana on Dec. 15, and that I should stay at the Saratoga hotel. I arrived in the Cuban capital on the 11th—only to learn that the Satira had not even reached New Orleans.

The days dragged by. I was almost broke. Then that $50 arrived, and I was able to pay my hotel bill.

I tried to get work. I sold more clothes, pawned a ring for $20.

I told people I was waiting for my husband, a very handsome lawyer who was coming aboard his yacht. No doubt I should not have said any such thing, but I thought it would make my position easier with strangers. I felt no qualms, no fears for the future. Did I not have those beautiful letters, those precious words of love..."If you think of me seriously as belonging to you and you alone, then we'll have a wonderful life together."

No, there was nothing really to worry about. And my cup of happiness brimmed over on the morning of Jan. 13 when I heard Jack's voice over the telephone:

"We're here at last, darling!"

"Oh, Jack!" I gasped. "Is it really you?"

"None other!" he laughed. "Have to get some ship papers settled, then I'll be right over."

Our reunion was all that I had dreamed it would be.

And the presents he'd brought! Nine pairs of shoes, two jackets, a bathing suit, all kinds of costume trimming, and materials for clothes.

But it developed that Jack had arrived in Havana with very little money, and as I had almost nothing, he wired his father for $200. (I gathered that he had left a substantial sum with Dr. Mee.) However, the hotel bill could not be paid with promises, and after three days, no money having arrived, there was nothing for us to do but go to the boat to live.

"Do your passengers believe that we are married?" I asked Jack once we were alone in the after cabin.

"Oh, yes!" he replied.

The passengers quit the Satira within a few days, the cruise having been abandoned on account of the faulty engines—to say nothing of the absence of cash. Then there remained only the three of us, Jack, Chuck and myself.

Late that month I got a job at the Fausto theatre in Havana. Jack accompanied me to rehearsals and saw just about every show.

MEANWHILE we made the acquaintance of Amleto Battisti, millionaire owner of the Sevilla-Biltmore hotel, and author of "The Coming Era," a revolutionary book attacking Communism, and he graciously let me practice my dance routines on the hotel roof garden. Jack, an accomplished pianist, furnished the music. There amid the plush surroundings of the hotel, gay center of Havana's tourist population, we were (I thought) supremely happy.

I was most grateful to Senor Battisti. The time was fast approaching when I would have reason to feel far more grateful, for he was to become my Good Samaritan.

One night Jack locked me in a cabin and began goading me.

"I can't stand a passive woman," he said. "You are like a mute fiddle. I am the master who brings you to life. The only thing I can love about you is the beautiful frenzy in your eyes when you try to kill me."

He had the power to make me hate him violently. "I love you when you hate me," he said. "Go on. Get mad. Scratch me. Bite me. I've got you where I want you. You're a prisoner on my boat. You're broke. You're my slave for ever. I'll give away your clothes. I've got you. What can you do against me you little... Here's a whip. Hit me. Hit me, I dare you!"

I lashed him and broke into hysterical tears.

"Don't cry, baby," he said, putting his arms around me. "That's when I love you, when you try to murder me."

Not once, not twice, but many times his devilish mind worked me into torrents of emotion from my normally gentle disposition. I asked myself:

"What is this strange creature trying to make of me?"

I knew now that he did not believe in God. He worshiped Tirana, his imaginary devil-enchantress. He also worshiped the sun.

He talked so strangely, and behaved so strangely, that I did not know quite what to think, except that I loved him and could never stop loving him. I find it difficult to explain but to me whatever he said or did or thought seemed

John Lester Mee When He Was a PT Boat Officer in the Pacific.

right. I think I must have been hypnotized; certainly he had me under some sort of spell. How else explain the fact that his animalistic philosophy did not particularly startle nor frighten me?

I must have been led to this reaction of acceptance more gradually than I had realized. Bit by bit, step by step, he had transformed me until he possessed even my soul. He had become my master, and when he dared me to inflict pain, to resist him, to use all my strength against him. I had no will but to obey.

We had been together in Havana about two months when I discovered that there was a Mrs. Mee. I learned this through letters I found on the boat.

Shocked and bewildered, I confronted Jack. "Is it true, Jack? Is it really true?" I cried. "You are married? You have a wife?"

"Now, darling," he evaded, "don't let this excite you."

"Is it true? Is it true?"

He hung his head and nodded. "It's true, but please don't misunderstand. I never could tell you because I was afraid I would lose you. I love you, Satira. I want you to stay with me. Mary and I have been estranged—we just can't get along together. There'll be a divorce, and the—"

Several days later, we picked up some mail at the post office, and I noticed a letter from Mary. He would not tell me what it said, but I gathered that there would not be a divorce.

I realized now that I had been deceived and made a fool of. I asked him to send me back to the States. He replied, "You will stay with me."

His eyes took on a mad gleam and the fingers of his right hand gripped my hair. "If you try to leave me," he stated in a deadly calm voice, "I'll kill you!"

I was to hear this threat many times in the days that remained.

I realized that a frightening change had occurred in him. Again I am at a loss for words, but some sort of evil spirit seemed to take possession of him. Or perhaps I should say that this spirit, previously hidden, now burst forth

Knowing that I would escape if I had the chance, that I now feared for my life as well as my immortal soul, he would not let me out of his sight, and he saw to it that no means of escape came within my reach.

He held my passport and ticket to Florida.

He would not let me remove anything of value from the boat. Indeed, he himself began selling articles that belonged to me

HE censored all my incoming and outgoing mail He destroyed letters I frantically wrote to friends in Chicago.

He boasted that his wife had supported him, and that I would do the same. He had never supported a woman, he said, and never would

He made me work like a deckhand on the boat

He treated me brutally before other people, and repeatedly caused me to be embarrassed.

He tortured me, and enjoyed it.

On Tuesday, April 8, I began packing two suitcases. Chuck Jackson's .22-calibre target pistol was concealed in the cabin.

I noticed that many of my personal belongings had disappeared — letters, clippings, pictures, jewelry, costumes, shoes, hats. I went on packing, heartbroken, my mind not functioning.

Suddenly Jack appeared on the companionway leading down to the cabin. (Chuck was aboard but up forward, out of hearing.) He stood there glaring at me, lips twisted into cruel lines.

"What are you doing?" he snarled.

"I want you to row me to Casablanca," I said

"Oh, you do, do you?" He came a step closer. "All right—go! Get off the boat, you ! But you'll leave those clothes!"

"What? Oh, Jack, what have I done that you should treat me like this? These things are all I have! You've taken everything else!"

He struck me on the side of the head, and I fell to the floor. Then he went back to the companionway, blocking the way out.

"If you take those clothes, I'll kill you!" he said.

His eyes were wild, he was breathing hard.

"Don't come any closer!" I gasped. The whole cabin seemed to be whirling about me. "Please don't come closer!"

He suddenly leaned down to pick up a matador's sword I used in some of my dances. It was lying on the floor.

I thought: "So you are going to kill me." It seemed my heart would pound right through my ribs. I'd noticed the pistol in the lower drawer a few moments before. It flashed into my mind again and instinctively I stooped down and seized it.

When Jack straightened up I was holding the gun on him, shoulder high. He saw the gun and kind of reared back, half stooping.

The next thing I knew he was on the floor. I must have shot him. I had never known how to handle a gun before. I'd never even held one in my hand.

I believe now that my fear for my life was so great I pulled the trigger without conscious volition.

As he lay there the echo came to me of his voice as he said:

"I want to see what you look like when you try to kill me."

* * *

Jack died at the Anglo-American hospital on Sunday the 13th.

AT first Chuck and I said that it had been an accident, that Jack shot himself while cleaning the gun. We hoped that he would recover from the wound in his neck, and that no scandal would ensue.

But of course the police soon knew what had happened. I was held for the shooting, and Chuck for concealing facts about it. (He, poor darling, had wanted only to help us who were his friends.)

I did not know which way to turn. I became panic-stricken at the thought of being buried away, undefended and forgotten, in a foreign prison. Then I thought of Senor Battisti, and he, though he hardly knew me, acted at once.

He ordered his own attorney, Rene Castellanos, to take over my defense, and arranged for Israel Soto Barroso to represent Chuck Jackson.

So I did find a friend, after all. And since then I have found others here at Guanabacoa—among the officials, the prisoners, and especially Father Rivas, the chaplain.

I feel that I have recovered my soul.

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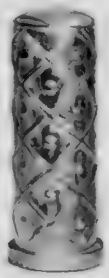
Rawlings



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by Lady Esther

lovelier, by far, than lipstick

There are Seven Heavenly LIPCOLORS . . . **STARDUST**—*For night only—startlingly beautiful on anyone under electric light...* **REDDER THAN**—*So clear, so very red! Oh, so provocative...* **STAR RUBY**—*An exquisite gem ruby hue sprinkled with the blue from sapphires . . .* **CRIMSON BRONZE**—*A quietly racey brown red that sings clearly but softly . . .* **BRIDAL PINK**—*The freshest, rosiest pink ever...* **MOONDUST**—*A soft fuchsia that gathers golden glamour under nighttime lights...* **COY SIREN**—*An audacious scarlet—with a disarming aire.*

©1947, Lady Esther

ADVERTISEMENT

PIN POINT OF RUST WRECKS POWERHOUSE

New miracle mainspring won't rust, is more efficient powerhouse of watch

The "powerhouse" of a watch is the mainspring. Repairmen look there first for trouble because the finest steel mainsprings ever made often "set" . . . lose part of their resiliency. Or, weakened by rust they break.

Rust is the commonest cause of mainspring breakage. High humidity with a sudden drop in temperature causes condensation of a droplet of moisture. A pin point of rust begins—and *there* is where the mainspring breaks.

But now the Elgin Watch Company has developed a new alloy of metals and from it a miracle mainspring: DuraPower*. It *will not rust.* And it retains its resiliency indefinitely, gives a steady flow of power for lasting accuracy.

This DuraPower Mainspring *eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* Only Elgin watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have the DuraPower Mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also available for replacement in many previous models.

*Patent Pending

...Try MILES NERVINE

When nervous tension makes you jitt-jitt-jittery, try Miles Nervine. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild sedatives that is wonderfully effective in calming those jumpy nerves, easing that jittery feeling. Used by millions in sixty years, now more popular than ever. Liquid, 25c and $1.00. Effervescent tablets, 35c and 75c. Caution: Use only as directed. Sold on money-back guarantee. FREE regular small size package. Write Miles Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 9217, Elkhart, Indiana.

DEAF
NO BATTERY
10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Automatic hearing device WITHOUT BATTERY. Worn on ear. Inconspicuous. Fits tinted. Featherweight. Used by thousands. Send coupon today for free information and names of happy users. Makes an ideal gift.

American Earphone, 48 E. 43 St., N. Y. C. 17. Send me free details about 10-day home trial of Audi-Ear. Dept. 6X8

$10

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

Make That Household Task Easier

Reprints of helpful household articles which have appeared in The American Weekly are available. Look for the box in this issue that tells you how to get them.

Sure-FIRE Publicity

DELLA TRACEY, an attractive woman of 27, was carrying a torch. Nothing wrong about that, since the man she yearned for night and day was her husband, Fred. He'd said good by to her in Oakland, Cal., a couple of months earlier when he took a civilian job on Okinawa.

But Mrs. Tracey didn't stop with carrying the torch in her heart. She also used one to set four fires one night recently in the 40-family apartment house where she had become intolerably lonely.

The Lonesome Wife Set Four Fires in One Apartment House Because She Thought the Publicity Would Speed Up a Reunion With Her Husband.

Oakland police became suspicious of the distraught woman after firemen made their fourth run to the house. She soon confessed, police said.

"I wanted to go to Okinawa to be with Fred," she sobbed. "I love him so! But his construction company won't arrange passage for me. I thought if I got some publicity he would move heaven and earth to get me over there."

The woman whom the police then locked up was not the first person to seek publicity for a romantic reason.

Some years ago Harold Hulen, a suitor who had proposed about 100 times without getting the desired answer, chained himself to a radiator in the corridor of his girl friend's home in Excelsior Springs, Mo., and announced he wouldn't budge until pretty Florence Hurlbut said "yes."

Miss Hurlbut scoffed at the radiator romeo.

"Sure, I like him," she said. "Maybe I love him. But he's not going to force me into anything with all this silly publicity. And such a way to propose sitting out there on a rubber cushion! He hasn't shaved either!"

The sit-down swain stuck it out several days, with friends bringing him food and reading matter.

Then Miss Hurlbut was bitten by the publicity bug and accepted an offer to fly to New York to participate in a nationwide radio program. Most wooers get only a whispered, confidential reply, but when Florence gave her answer a million or so others were listening in. She said:

"Yes, Harold, I'll marry you this June, but for heaven's sake get away from that radiator!"

Hulen dutifully unshackled himself and went out for his first hot dinner in days.

Theirs was publicity of a harmless and amusing nature, and if Hulen risked exchanging his self-chosen radiator hoosegow for a permanent ball-and-chain, it was only the sort of hazard that most men accept sooner or later.

An Oakland judge, however, took a stern view of Mrs. Tracey's fiery publicity stunt because it had imperilled the lives of all who lived in her building.

He found her guilty of arson, for which the punishment may be anywhere from 4 to 40 years in jail.

A weighty price that, for the thoughtless action of a woman who only wanted to send a message to far-off Okinawa.

Threw Away $70,000

FOR a quick piece of easy money a thief will risk his life and liberty—and yet pass up a fortune when it's in his grasp.

This was the case recently when burglars, in Los Angeles, broke into a trailer owned by one Fred Haggan. Working swiftly by flashlight, the intruders looted Haggan's rolling home of all they thought worthwhile: a small amount of cash, several pieces of jewelry, various odds and ends and an old violin.

A few minutes later, out by a street light, they took a second look at the violin. They saw it was musty and dingy, and tossed it into a trash can, where police found it next day and restored it to Haggan.

What the thieves didn't notice, or didn't understand, was the blurred markings on the instrument. These attested that the violin was a genuine Cremona, made in 1618 by the celebrated Italian maestro, Nicoli Amati. In ditching it, the ill-informed trailer robbers had thrown away a masterpiece valued by its owner at $70,000.

"All we want is a 'chewing' chance!"

Chewing's more than fun for dogs—it's nature's way of helping them develop sound teeth and healthy gums. Milk-Bone, tempting as a real bone, gives this vital exercise . . . supplies food elements, vitamins, and minerals. Milk-Bone is *economical* because it's concentrated nourishment—one pound has more food value than a pound of fresh beef. Get Milk-Bone Dog Biscuit *today*.

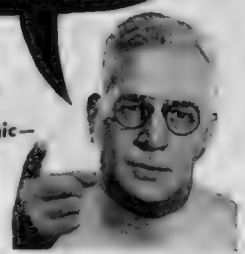
Milk-Bone Biscuit contains nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B1, B2, D and E... Meat Meal . . . Fish Liver Oil . . . Whole Wheat Flour . . . Minerals . . . Milk.

BAKED BY NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Expectant Mothers! Are you getting the right nourishment to make baby *strong*?

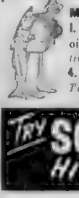
Read why so many Doctors recommend SCOTT'S EMULSION

more than just a tonic— IT'S POWERFUL NOURISHMENT!



YOU NEED lots of A&D Vitamins to help make baby grow right. To have strong bones and a fine body you're proud of, *You* need them too! So—take Scott's Emulsion every day. *Natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building oil in Scott's help baby—*help you build energy, stamina, resistance to colds* if you are low in these Vital Elements.

YOU'LL FIND SCOTT'S EMULSION easy to take. Easy to digest. Easy to retain. Scott's usually stays down even when other foods don't. Try it! See how much better you feel all during expectancy. Thousands say it's a blessing!



MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND SCOTT'S BECAUSE:
1. Rich in *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil, *powerful* nourishment. 2. *Easy to take, economical.* 3. *Four times easier to digest* than plain cod liver oil, *exclusive process.* 4. Helps children build strong bones, sound teeth, a sturdy frame. *Today—sure buy good tasting Scott's at your drug store.*

TRY SCOTT'S EMULSION
HIGH ENERGY FOOD TONIC

When a whole division hits the silk!

Imagine your amazement, if with only a moment's warning the sky started snowing men! And if *with* those men—13,000 strong—came guns, food, fuel ...even jeeps!

No grass grows under the feet of today's Army Ground Forces men. A complete airborne division, equipped with everything from rifles to road scrapers, can blanket a field like a winter storm.

The newest thing in airborne tactics is the carrier itself—a monstrous flying troopship, the C-82. Like a box-car with wings, it can take 50,000 pounds at a gulp. Using this giant craft brings every spot in the Western Hemisphere under the protection of our versatile Infantrymen.

This is a sample of the advanced thought going into the training and equipment of today's Regular Army man. For a young man whose pulse quickens at the thought of new adventure, of a job the whole civilized world looks to for leadership, *this is your job.* Get full information on the high pay, opportunities for travel and higher education, and other details at your nearest Army Recruiting Station.

Listen to "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Sound Off," "Front and Center," "Take a Break," and "Proudly We Hail" on your radio.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

NEW, HIGHER PAY FOR ARMY MEN

In Addition to Food, Lodging, Clothes and Medical Care

	Starting Base Pay Per Month	MONTHLY RETIREMENT INCOME AFTER: 20 Years' Service	30 Years Service
Master Sergeant or First Sergeant	$165.00	$107.25	$185.63
Technical Sergeant	135.00	87.75	151.88
Staff Sergeant	115.00	74.75	129.38
Sergeant	100.00	65.00	112.50
Corporal	90.00	58.50	101.25
Private First Class	80.00	52.00	90.00
Private	75.00	48.75	84.38

In addition to column one of the above: 20% increase for service overseas. 50% increase, if member of flying crew. 50% increase, up to $50 maximum per month, if member of glider crew. $50 per month for parachutists (not in flying-pay status) while engaged upon parachute duty. 5% increase in pay for each 3 years of service

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

When your back muscles feel as stiff as a board after unusual exertion, get busy! Rub on Absorbine Jr. and help those aching muscles limber up *fast!*

Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your strenuous activity has burned up their nourishment. Rub on Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation! . . . Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment . . . the pain fairly floats away!

Ask your druggist today for Absorbine Jr.—50-year-famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. Only $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENT

That's easy, Dad, and the answer will save your family many a cross word, when bad humors due to temporary constipation need straightening out. The *aperient* is refreshing, gently laxative **KRUSCHEN.** A *world-famous* blend of saline minerals which are also found in the natural waters of many famous medicinal springs, Kruschen offers these advantages:

EASY TO TAKE—Dissolves quickly in water. Makes a refreshing saline drink.

WORKS FAST—Usually within an hour. Does not spoil your day.

GENTLE ACTION—Its formula is balanced to act gently, without discomfort.

TIME-TESTED—Over 300,000,000 packages sold throughout the world.

Get Kruschen today. At druggists' everywhere—35¢ to 85¢

NOW IN TWO FORMS: New sparkling Effervescent Kruschen, and the original non-effervescent Kruschen Salts.

Simple directions for best results on every package. Caution: Use only as directed.

Farewell Performance

IN EVERY stage star's life there is one performance that tops all the rest—one hour of glory that outshines all others either in real life or the charmed world of the footlights.

Lottie Lennox, England's most famous music hall star of the Gay Nineties, touched many peaks of success. But her greatest moment came only recently—in the 74-year-old actress' last hour.

Half a century ago there was no favorite like Lottie. Her name in lights guaranteed a packed house. Audiences loved her and showed it in cash returns.

No other actress lived as splendid a life. She was an honored guest of royalty. She owned fine horses, broughams and one of the earliest motor cars. She purchased a mansion that still bears the name of Lennox Lodge.

Producers gladly paid Lottie $750 a week—a fabulous sum in those days—and at the peak of her prosperity she had bank accounts totaling $100,000. That's equal to about half a million now.

But every career also has its low points, and Lottie's box office rating waned along with her attractions a couple of decades ago, while new stars rose to favor. This wouldn't have mattered much financially if Lottie's investments had been either wise or lucky. Unfortunately they were neither; and she also gave generously to numerous needy friends.

By 1933 Lottie was living in a furnished room. She left it to wed a ship's officer, but the romance soon withered.

When World War II came Lottie donned grease paint again and entertained Britain's newest Tommies, as she had their fathers in 1914-18.

After the war there was little call for her, and Lottie's strength was failing.

With Shaky, but Skilful, Hands the Dying Star of the Music Halls Made Up for Her Last Earthly Appearance.

She lay ill the other day in a tiny house near her former manor, and both Lottie and the granddaughter caring for her knew the end was near.

"Bring me my powder-puff and lipstick, darling," said Lottie. "I've been a trouper since I was four, and we old troupers try to look our best for every performance. I wouldn't want to go looking like this."

With shaky yet skilled hands the aged star applied the cosmetics. Her granddaughter had to hold a mirror for her. Lottie surveyed the results with critical approval and smiled—the same gay smile that once aroused storms of applause.

"Now I'm ready," she whispered.

Ten minutes later her eyes closed. Her granddaughter ran out crying for a doctor.

But Lottie didn't hear; a serene, triumphant expression was engraved on her face. Far from the shilling-counting world of the box office, the queen of the music halls had played her most dramatic performance and had gone on to meet her Maker.

Rough on Romance

THE pretty girl stood on tip-toe, eagerly watching the passengers swarming off the train. When finally she caught sight of her husband, she ran to him with arms outstretched.

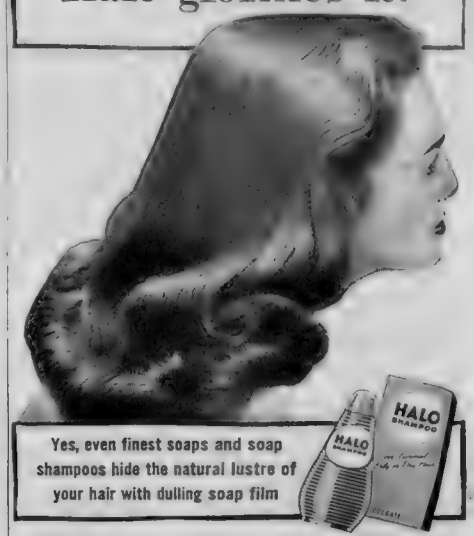
Frowning, he pushed her away, glancing worriedly at the crowds hurrying past them. "Not here," he snapped at her from between clenched teeth. "Someone might see us. This is Cairo, you know."

He may sound like a stuffed shirt, but he was only obeying the law—actually, he risked being haled into court just for holding his wife's arm. Heaven only knows what would have happened if he had kissed her, but it is certain that Cairo police would have taken a very dim view of it.

Any gesture of intimacy between the sexes in public is considered "indecent behavior" in Egypt, according to members of a Cairo appeal court. After hearing a case a few weeks ago in which a girl "practically embraced a man in the street," they termed such conduct "shocking and improper." They even frowned on men and women walking arm in arm in public, saying it was not in keeping with Egyptian tradition.

Respectable law-abiding Egyptians "keep their distance" when outside the privacy of their own homes—husbands and wives usually walk at least six feet apart—no light conversation, either. If there is, such talk may wind up in front of a judge.

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!



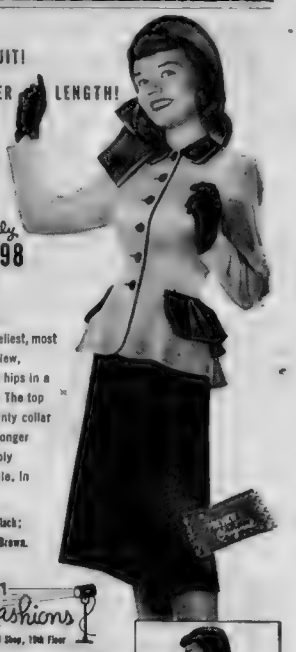
Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

TWO PIECE SUIT! NEW LONGER LENGTH!

Important Event only $7.98



Here it is—your loveliest, most important suit, to invite the loveliest, most important events in your life! New, longer jacket, flaring out at the hips in a full, flirtatious, double peplum. The top tier of the peplum and the jaunty collar smartly match the skirt. New, longer skirt with zipper closing. Superbly tailored of sleek, rich rayon faille. In enchanting colors:

Kelly Green and Black; Royal Blue and Black; Scarlet Red and Black; Kelly Green and Brown. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17.

Preview Fashions
275 SEVENTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY Retail Shop, 19th Floor

SEND NO MONEY

PREVIEW FASHIONS, Dept. A921
275 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $7.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, you pay postage. In New York City add 2% Sales Tax.

Size	Print Color Choice	Second Color Choice	
			12

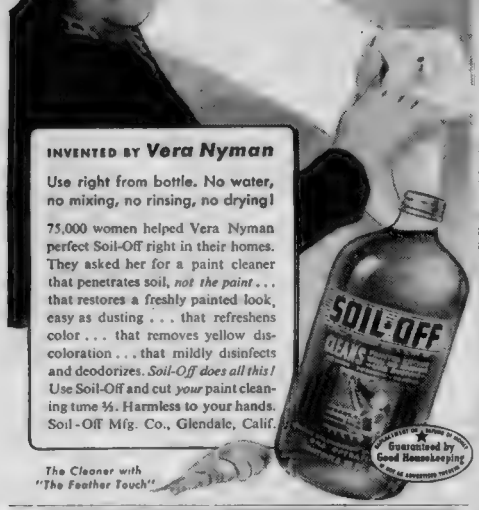
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SENT ON APPROVAL

SOIL – GREASE – FINGERPRINTS –

VANISH LIKE MAGIC
from painted surfaces when
gently wiped with

SOIL-OFF
THE ORIGINAL LIQUID
PAINT CLEANER



INVENTED BY *Vera Nyman*

Use right from bottle. No water, no mixing, no rinsing, no drying!

75,000 women helped Vera Nyman perfect Soil-Off right in their homes. They asked her for a paint cleaner that penetrates soil, *not the paint* . . . that restores a freshly painted look, easy as dusting . . . that refreshens color . . . that removes yellow discoloration . . . that mildly disinfects and deodorizes. *Soil-Off does all this!* Use Soil-Off and cut *your* paint cleaning time ⅓. Harmless to your hands. Soil-Off Mfg. Co., Glendale, Calif.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The Cleaner with "The Feather Touch"

Hollywood Actors and Actresses say:

"New COLEO Cleans False Teeth Cleaner!"

In Hollywood, perfect teeth are a "must" before the camera! Nowhere else in the world will you find so many costly plates and bridges—as among the actors and actresses there! That's why Colgate-Palmolive-Peet selected Hollywood to test its great new denture cleanser—Coleo! And what a hit!

8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser! That's the amazing result—after scores and scores of actors and actresses tried new Coleo. . . *"Coleo* gets false teeth really clean!" they exclaimed.

Coleo fizzes away mucin (film),, removable stains, and food particles in minutes! A special ingredient does the job! No brushing! False teeth sparkles with cleanliness! And dentures cleaned with Coleo have a pleasant, fresh taste! Try new Coleo on *your* dentures *now!*

NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

Letters to the Editor

THE following resolution, adopted unanimously by a recent convention of Rho Pi Phi, an organization of Canadian and American pharmacists, was prompted in part by The American Weekly's article, "Control for the Devil's Capsules."

". . . we shall scrupulously safeguard the public against habit-forming drugs, and never dispense these dangerous substances except to those qualified to administer or use them.

"WHEREAS, Rep. Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts has introduced into Congress a bill for regulation of barbiturate drugs, and

"WHEREAS, The American Weekly of July 20, 1947, carried an informative article entitled, 'Control for the Devil's Capsules'

"THEREFORE, be it resolved that we . . . endorse and support such legislation and education and call upon pharmacists and physicians in Canada and the United States to join Rho Pi Phi fraternity in support of all efforts designed to protect the public health and welfare."

* * *

Your story, "Umpires for Broken Families," was of great interest. I hope that through such good judges, lawyers and others, divorces will become fewer.

As humans, we seem to hurt one another unnecessarily. But if we'd just let the wound heal—as we do with an operation—before taking drastic steps, we'd be wise.

Our children love and need both parents to be happy. Children are hurt most by divorce.

Mrs. Clifford H. Lindauer
Red Bluff, Cal.

* * *

I'd like very much your recent color picture of the battle of Bunker Hill, which illustrated Win Brooks' article, "My Country."

I greatly enjoy these historical pictures, and wish we could see more of them instead of pictures of movie stars at every turn.

Mrs. W. Cubben,
Wood-Ridge, N. J.

* * *

I am doing research on a thesis about Fairy Tales, for St. Johns College in Cleveland. I understand that The American Weekly recently carried some material on this subject. Could you please send me copies?

Sister Agnes Joseph,
Cleveland, Ohio.

(Sister Agnes has been sent copies of our recent articles, "Are They Bad Fairy Tales?".—Ed.)

* * *

As a student in science and philosophy, I have been very much interested in your "My Faith" series, and have really enjoyed reading and studying them.

I have a number of them in my scrapbook, but my set is incomplete. Would you send a copy of your booklet to a "number"?

M. L. Heinz, B-8708,
Rockview Penitentiary,
Bellefonte, Pa.

(Reader Heinz has been sent a "My Faith" booklet. —Ed.)

All trains aren't streamliners!

All adhesive bandages aren't **BAND-AID***

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson

AND ONLY BAND-AID GIVES YOU JOHNSON & JOHNSON QUALITY!

It's Johnson & Johnson quality that has earned for BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages the confidence of millions.

More families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages—more doctors recommend them than any other brand.

Every bandage comes to you sterile, sealed in an individual envelope. Keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation. Cost? Less than a penny each!

Keep a box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.

HEADACHE
UPSET STOMACH
JUMPY NERVES
RELIEF!
When ordinary headache, upset stomach, jumpy nerves strike at once, take Bromo-Seltzer. Effervesces with split-second action . . . ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Co. since 1887.
BROMO SELTZER
THANKS TO FAMOUS
BROMO-SELTZER

Help Yourself to Success!

BE A WINNER! NOT A LOSER!

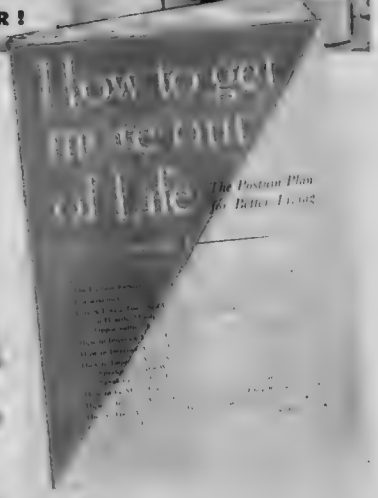
RIGHT NOW...ask yourself these Questions:

1 **DO YOU MAKE FRIENDS EASILY?** . . . In the POSTUM PLAN FOR BETTER LIVING *Dale Carnegie* gives you his very latest *success secrets* — tells you how to really "win friends and influence people."

2 **CAN YOU "SELL" YOURSELF AND YOUR IDEAS?**... *Captain Eddie Rickenbacker* tells you easy, assured methods of improving your *opportunities*—gives you a definite plan for getting ahead in life.

3 **DO YOU MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR LOOKS?** *Gene Tunney*—and *Ann Delafield* of the famous Du Barry Success School—tell both men and women how to develop the *good appearance* so necessary to success!

4 **ARE YOU ADAPTABLE TO LIFE'S CHALLENGES?**... *Dr. Ernest Dichter,* tells you how to improve your mind — how to develop the *poise* and *assurance* and *capability* which lead to happiness.



Write today for sensational new POSTUM PLAN FOR BETTER LIVING

Only 10 cents

With purchase of a package of Postum

HERE'S a *Master Key* that can open the doors to greater success and happiness! It tells you how to improve your health . . . your mind . . . your appearance . . . your opportunities . . . your relations with other people . . . in a word, HOW TO GET MORE OUT OF LIFE!

Yet it's yours *for only 10¢!* Just go to your grocer today, buy a package of Postum and fill in the coupon below. Mail with 10¢ in coin.

This sensational offer is made solely to induce you to try Postum and enjoy a healthier, happier life. Just study the scientific facts about caffein—and think of caffein in relation to *your future!* Remember:

Medical authorities confirm that caffein is a drug found in coffee, tea and cola drinks. It is a stimulant that acts on the brain and central nervous system. While many people can drink coffee or tea without ill-effect, others suffer indigestion, nervous hypertension, and sleepless nights.

But Postum contains no caffein or other drug —nothing that can possibly upset you! So act today! With POSTUM and the POSTUM PLAN FOR BETTER LIVING, you will be laying the foundation for a healthier, happier, better life!

7 FAMOUS AUTHORITIES on Successful Living offer you their friendliest advice and counsel in the new POSTUM PLAN FOR BETTER LIVING! . . . 64 pages . . . handsomely printed . . . 48 photos from real life . . . Published by POSTUM as a Private Edition, this Planbook can be purchased *through no other source.* It is intended solely for the help and inspiration of America's huge and growing POSTUM family.

POSTUM
Plan for Better Living

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

POSTUM PLAN, Dept. 21, Battle Creek, Mich.

I have purchased a package of POSTUM. Please send me the POSTUM PLAN FOR BETTER LIVING, for which I enclose 10 cents in coin.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Don't let yourself slip!
NEW! LIN-X FLOOR WAXER
An applicator that makes floor waxing as simple and speedy as floor dusting. It pours the wax and spreads it, too. See it today
Only $2.39

LIN-X
SELF-POLISHING
WAX
is ANTI-SLIP!

Made by the Makers of Kem-Tone the Miracle Wall Finish

More than half of home accidents are caused by falls. Good reason why you should use LIN-X, *the Anti-Slip Wax*. It bears the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., as an anti-slip floor treatment. Just wipe it on.

LIN-X is easy to apply—quick to dry! It beautifies and protects your linoleum and wood floors a wonderful wax that's *anti-slip!*

• • •

You'll also like LIN-X CREAM POLISH for fine furniture, LIN-X CLEAR-GLOSS for linoleum and all interior and exterior wood surfaces! Ask for them today.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

59¢ PINT
Also in economical quart and gallon sizes

PRODUCTS OF SHERWIN-WILLIAMS RESEARCH
Bringing the Marvels of Science to Your Home

LIN-X HOME BRIGHTENERS SOLD BY STORES EVERYWHERE

Acme White Lead & Color Works, Detroit • W. W. Lawrence & Co., Pittsburgh
The Lowe Brothers Co., Dayton • John Lucas & Co., Inc., Philadelphia
The Martin-Senour Co., Chicago • Rogers Paint Products, Inc., Detroit
The Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland

Teen-Age Tempest

What's Proper at the Prom?

By URSULA TROW

DONNA MYERS, of Ashland, Ohio, recently wrote in to ask what's good prom etiquette, and a lot of teeners who thought such a discussion a good idea hurried to send in their answers.

Almost everyone said a corsage is an important part of the big event, and it's up to the lad to provide it. Its absence would apparently cause the girl to lose face with her classmates.

However, **Jo Roslie Butka** of Glen Lyon, Pa., and **Robert Martin** of North Tonawanda, N. Y., felt a corsage is not an absolute must, though if the boy can afford even one little flower, it's better than nothing.

There were various opinions on whether boys should wear tux. **Lauretta Dell Edera** of New York City, **Barbara Jean Secore** of Detroit, Mich., **Patricia Ronsky** of Cleveland, Ohio, and **Mary Jane Wachter** of Long Beach, Calif., all thought it would be nice if the boy could afford a tux or could borrow or rent one, but if he couldn't he was just as presentable in a nicely pressed dark suit.

Who foots the bill and provides transportation? The mere male, of course. Unless, in the words of a Philadelphia girl, named **Lee Morgan**, "the girl has asked a fellow and then she pays for the prom tickets." However, laddy-boy provides the transportation.

Either he has a car, or can borrow the family's, or he makes arrangements to double up with another couple, or hires a cab. **Arlene Gates** of White Plains, N. Y., says her group often used buses.

As a whole, the boys willingly foot the bills, for as **Bob Hilbert** of Mentor, Ohio, points out, the girls have their share of expense. They have to go to beauty parlors and buy an evening dress, shoes, etc.

How late should you be allowed out? That seems to be an individual matter. Some thought 2 a. m. a good time limit. Others said that if they got in before 3:30 they'd feel they'd had an awful time. And **Paula Jean Du Mont** of Hazel Park, Mich., said, "I know people who don't get home till 6 and 7 o'clock."

How often do you dance with your partner? First, last and all supper dances, at least, says **Barbara Morrow**, of Deerfield Beach, Fla. "Two out of every three" says **Jean Breuer** of New York City. All agreed that neither partner should be alone at any time.

It is the boy's responsibility to protect and escort the girl, says **"California" Schlesinger** of Wilmington, N. C. And adds, "It is each partner's responsibility to make the evening a pleasant one for all concerned."

As for that good-night kiss, **Joseph Jankowski** of Brooklyn, N. Y., and **J. Parker** of Detroit say definitely "Yes." Others said, "No," especially if it's a first date. Most of the others decided it was up to the girl.

The Country's Teeners Do a Lot of Prom-Trotting—and They Have Very Definite Ideas About the Etiquette of This Pleasant Social Function.

The younger set has other, and perhaps more important, social problems than how to look and act at a prom. What are some of these problems and how do you think they are being handled? Send your letters to The Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

What About Fathers?

MUCH of today's juvenile delinquency is blamed on working mothers who are not home to give their children supervision.

Are mothers alone to blame? What about the responsibility of fathers to their children? Is it enough for a father to provide meals and clothing? Doesn't he have a cultural and moral function to fulfill? While he may not be called upon to oversee ear scrubbing and teeth brushing, is it right for him to leave his children's upbringing entirely to the mother?

Parenthood is supposed to be a partnership. What's the father's share? Is he merely the bogeyman who is called in as a last resort to administer discipline?

You've got the answers in your own home and in your friends' homes. Do the fathers you know do their share?

New Hunches for Lunches

by Ann Pillsbury

NO KNEADING

Refreshingly unusual—whether packed in a lunchbox or served at home with tomato sauce are these appetizing baked sandwiches. Like so many delectable breads and rolls, they're made easily with Ann Pillsbury's No-Knead method, for which Pillsbury's Best is especially adapted.

Ann Pillsbury's LUNCHBOX FOLDOVERS

Makes 16 foldovers.

Bake at 400° F. for 12 minutes.

Combine . . . ½ cup scalded **milk**
3 tablespoons **shortening**
2 teaspoons **sugar**
1½ teaspoons **salt**
½ cup **water**

Cool . . . . . to lukewarm.

Add . . . . . 1 **cake yeast** or 1 package dry yeast; mix well.

Blend in . . . . 2 **eggs**
1 cup grated **cheese**

Add . . . . . 5 cups sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**; mix until well-blended.

Divide . . . . . dough in half.

Roll . . . . . each half to a 12-inch square.* Cut into nine 4-inch squares.

Brown . . . . 2 tablespoons **onion** in 1 tablespoon **shortening**.

Blend in . . . . 2 cups ground, cooked **meat**
1 teaspoon **salt**
½ teaspoon **pepper**
2 tablespoons **catsup**
¼ cup chopped **pickle**
2 drops **Worcestershire sauce**

Place . . . . . 1 tablespoon meat mixture in one corner of each square. Fold to make triangle; seal edges.

Slash . . . . . folded edge of triangles two times to allow escape of steam. Place on greased baking sheet.

Let rise . . . . in warm place (80° to 85° F.) until double in bulk, about 45 minutes.

Bake . . . . . at 400° F. for 12 minutes.

*For Roll Ups, spread meat mixture over dough to edges; roll up; cut in 1 inch slices.

◊ *Brighten your menus with Ann Pillsbury's out-of-the-ordinary baking ideas, found in every bag.*

QUICK TO MIX

Meals out of a lunchbox need never be dull . . . not when delightful surprises like this can be conjured up so easily with Ann Pillsbury's streamlined recipes and the faster Pillsbury of Now for modern baking. Try this captivating Quick-Mix cake and for other appealing lunchbox and party ideas, mail the coupon below for a free copy of the current issue of "Tasty Talk."

Ann Pillsbury's ORANGE-PRUNE CAKE

Quick-Mix-Method

Makes baker-inch loaf

Bake at 350° F. for 50 to 60 minutes. All ingredients must be at room temperature.

Sift together . . 1½ cups sifted **Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour**
1½ teaspoons double-acting **baking powder**
½ teaspoon **soda**
1 teaspoon **salt**
½ teaspoon **cinnamon**
1 cup **sugar**

Add . . . . . ½ cup **vegetable shortening**
½ cup thin **sour cream***
1 teaspoon **vanilla**

Beat . . . . . for 2 minutes until batter is well-blended and glossy. (If electric mixer is used, beat at medium speed for same period of time.

Add . . . . . 2 **eggs**, unbeaten
½ cup cooked **prunes**, chopped

Beat . . . . . for 2 minutes.

Add . . . . . ½ cup chopped **nut meats**

Pour . . . . . into lightly greased, floured, 8x8x2-inch loaf pan.

Bake . . . . . in moderate oven (350° F.) for 50 to 60 minutes. Cool.

*If you do not have sour cream add 2 teaspoons vinegar or lemon juice to ½ cup sweet cream.

Creamy Orange Frosting: Cream 1 tablespoon butter. 1 package 3 oz. cream cheese, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar gradually, beating well. Spread on cooled cake.

Best results are guaranteed when Pillsbury's Best is used in this recipe

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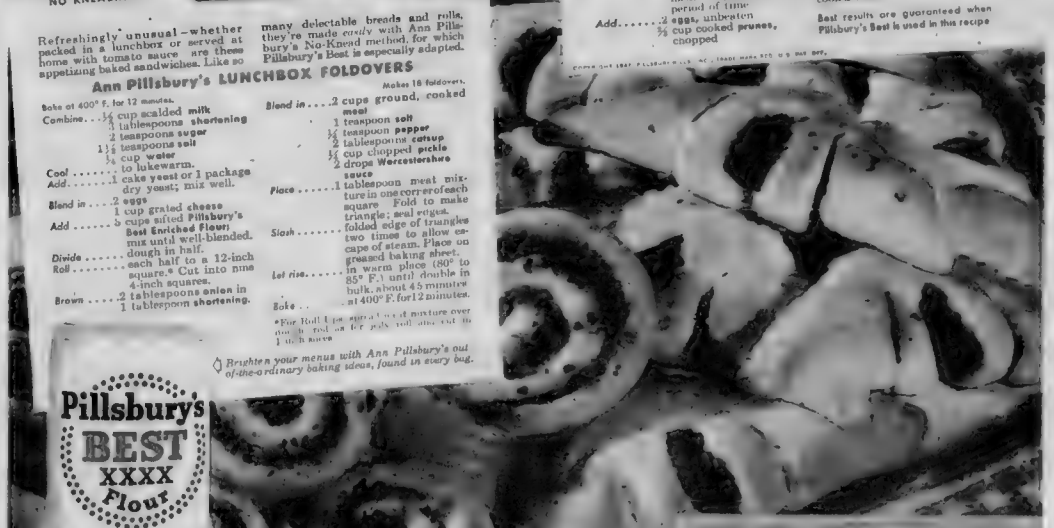

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Household Almanac — Amy Alden

INDULGE THAT SWEET TOOTH

Chocolate Cake, Rolled With Ice Cream and Topped With Sauce and Nuts, Makes This Lovely Dessert.

WITH sugar back on the shelves we can indulge our sweet tooth and bring our file of desserts up to date without undue worry about the household supply.

These selected desserts are not hard to make—especially the Baba au Rhum. For you who have thought it too difficult to undertake, the secret lies in the temperature of the liquid in which you dissolve the yeast—it must be lukewarm, not hot, not cold. Try a drop on the tender skin inside your wrist to get the lukewarm feeling the yeast likes, then when you beat the mixture do it gently. You will have perfect Babas to serve with your most impressive dinner party.

The instructions for Chocolate Ice Cream Roll sound intricate, for it is sometimes hard to remove the paper from the bottom cleanly. Just turn the cake onto a slightly dampened towel spread on cake racks and the paper is off in a jiffy, ready to spread, roll, decorate and cut for guests.

Baba au Rhum

½ cup scalded milk
1 cake fresh yeast
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ tsp. salt
2¼ cups plus 2 tbsps. sifted flour
½ cup softened butter or fortified margarine
1 whole egg
2 egg yolks
½ tsp. lemon flavoring

Cool milk to lukewarm; add crumbled yeast, stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt and 1 cup of flour; beat smooth with a spoon. Beat in the butter, then add the egg and egg yolks, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Add remaining flour and flavoring, beat with a spoon until smooth.

Brush top of dough with a little salad oil; cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk—about 1½ hrs.

Chill dough, covered, in refrigerator for at least 12 hrs., then remove.

Turn onto lightly floured board; cut in 18 pieces; then with floured hands shape each piece into a smooth, round ball. Place in greased 2½" muffin cups. (If desired, a topknot of dough may be torn from dough before shaping, formed into tiny ball, and placed on top of the larger ball.)

Cover the Babas, and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk—about 1 hr. Bake in a moderately hot oven of 375° F for 12 to 15 min., or until done. Makes 18 Babas.

Meanwhile, make Rum Sauce as follows:

Rum Sauce

Simmer, uncovered, ¾ cup granulated sugar with 2 thin slices of orange and 2 thin slices of lemon, for 5 min. Cool slightly, then add ¼ to ½ cup of white rum, depending on how strong you like the sauce.

To serve, remove the hot Babas from pans; arrange in a deep serving dish; pour the sauce over and around them.

Chocolate Ice Cream Roll

½ cup sifted cake flour
½ tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
4 eggs
¾ cup sifted granulated sugar
1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
2 sqs. (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
2 tbsps. granulated sugar
¼ tsp. baking soda
1 tbsps. cold water

Grease a 15"x10"x1" baking pan. Line it with a piece of waxed paper 14½" x 9½"; grease again. Sift flour, baking powder, salt together 3 times. Place eggs in a deep bowl, gradually add ¾ cup sugar, while beating until very thick and lemon-colored. Then add flour mixture, all at once; mix well. Add vanilla. Melt chocolate over boiling water. Remove from heat, add immediately 2 tbsps. sugar, soda and water. Stir until thick and light, then fold quickly into batter. Blend well. Turn into baking pan. Bake in moderately hot oven of 375° F. for 15 min., or until done. Remove from oven, cut off crisp edges of cake, and turn out on a clean damp towel.

Remove paper and cool just 5 min. Quickly spread the roll with slightly softened ice cream, then roll it as for a jelly roll. Serve at once, cut in slices. Pass your favorite fudge sauce to spoon over the top. Or, if desired, use canned chocolate sauce. Serves 8.

Indian Pudding De Luxe

2 cups milk
6 tbsps. corn meal
2 tbsps. molasses
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
2 eggs, well-beaten
½ tsp. ginger
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
½ tsp. salt
½ cup sour milk or sour cream

Scald milk over low heat, then stir in the corn meal very slowly. Remove from heat and add next 8 ingredients. Just before turning into a 1½ qt. casserole, add the sour milk or cream gradually. Bake in a slow oven of 275° F. for 2 hrs. or until a silver knife inserted in the center comes out clean, stirring once during baking. Serve warm with cream. Serves 5.

Dutch Apple Cake

1 cup sifted flour
1½ tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
3 tbsps. sugar
¼ cup shortening
1 egg
¼ cup milk
3¾ cups pared, cored, sliced tart apples
½ tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. nutmeg
2 tbsps. melted butter or fortified margarine

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and 1 tbsp of the sugar. Cut in shortening until the mixture is like coarse corn meal. Stir in egg and milk with a fork. Spread in a greased pan about 10"x6"x2". Arrange apples in parallel rows on top, with the pointed edge down. Sprinkle with the cinnamon and nutmeg mixed with the remaining 2 tbsps. sugar. Then sprinkle with butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven of 400° F. for 40 min. or until apples are tender. Serve warm, cut in slices, with cream.

Baked Caramel Coconut Custard

½ cup granulated sugar
3 cups milk, scalded
4 eggs
½ tsp. vanilla flavoring
Moist shredded coconut

Melt ¼ cup sugar in a skillet until a caramel-like syrup, stirring constantly. Immediately pour some of this syrup into each of 6 buttered custard cups. Scald milk and pour slowly over the eggs which have been beaten with the remaining ¼ cup sugar and the vanilla. Pour into the custard cups, and sprinkle with coconut. Set in a shallow pan of warm water and bake in moderate oven of 325° F. 45 min., or until a silver knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Chill and unmold. The caramel will run down over custards like a sauce. Serves 6.

Grape Juice Delight

2 cups grape juice
4 tbsps. lemon juice
1 lb. marshmallows

Heat the grape juice to almost boiling. Then add lemon juice and marshmallows and continue cooking, while stirring, until all marshmallows are dissolved. Pour into 8 sherbet glasses and chill until firm. Serve with plain cream. Serves 8.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

GOOD THINGS TO MAKE FROM *Dried Fruit*

by *Betty Blake*

Along with your breakfast bacon, or when you need that something "extra" to round out luncheon or dinner, try the fruity goodness of . . .

SUNSWEET PRUNE MUFFINS — easy to make, rich in flavor, with all the plus values of health-giving California Prunes.

1 cup uncooked SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes
3 tablespoons shortening
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup buttermilk
½ teaspoon soda
3 cups all purpose flour
4 teaspoons baking powder

Immerse prunes in boiling water for 10 minutes, drain, cut from pits in small pieces. Cream shortening, sugar and salt. Add beaten eggs, prunes, and mix. Add milk in which soda has been dissolved, flour sifted with baking powder, and mix. Fill well greased muffin pans three-fourths full. Bake in a hot oven (425°) 20 minutes. Makes 16 medium-sized muffins.

• • •

For a delicious and different marmalade, combine 2 cups SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes with 2 cups apple cider, 1 cup water, ½ cup brown sugar, 3 inch sticks cinnamon and 1 teaspoon whole cloves. Boil covered for 20 minutes, let stand overnight, and boil 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold with meats. M-m-m!

• • •

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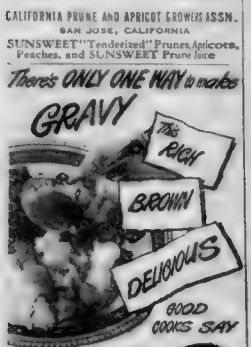

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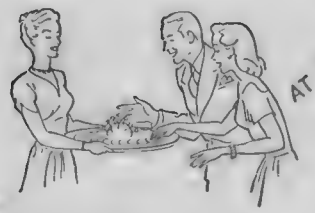

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Bon Ami Cake

The Epicure

VITAPOT

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

MY TRAVELS through Maine exploring old roads and studying abandoned farms, while away from my desk, have brought me in intimate contact with "Down Maine folk" who really know how to prepare some of the finest meals I have ever tasted. While writing my latest novel, "House Divided," I discovered my favorite dish, Vitapot. It is a concoction that few people have eaten. However, once it has been tasted, it remains Number One on the menu hit parade.

My recipe is for large gatherings. It will serve 50 people, allowing two cups for each person.

1 pt. salad oil
1 qt. finely cut onions
1 qt. finely cut carrots
2 cans (2 lbs., 8 oz.) corn, cream style
3 pts. shell beans
2 qts. finely cut chard stalks
3 cans (18 oz.) mussels
2 qts. canned tomatoes
10 tsps. salt
1¼ tsps. black pepper
2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. soy bean sauce

Heat the salad oil and simmer the onion for five minutes. Then gradually add tomatoes, corn and chard. When the mixture is sufficiently liquid to avoid danger of burning, add carrots, beans and remaining ingredients.

Boil for 30 minutes. Then let simmer for three hours.

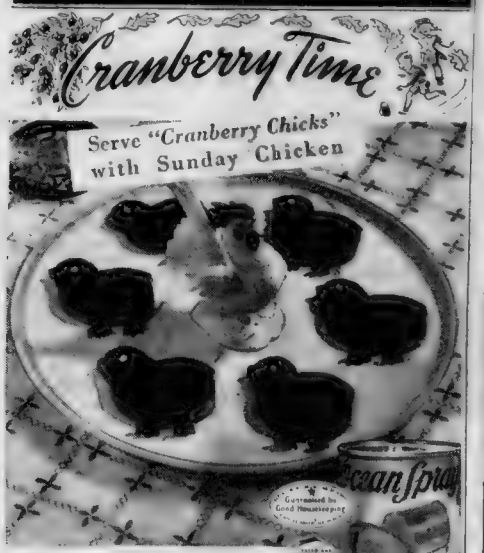
For the best results, it is suggested that Vitapot be eaten the day after it has been cooked.

I enjoy Vitapot, as most Down Maine folk do, after a day of fishing or hunting, or bowling on the green. It is especially tasty with freshly caught Maine salmon or trout.

Ben Ames Williams, Author of a Number of Best Sellers, Has Been Writing Novels, Movies and Short Stories Since 1919. He Spends His Summers Hunting and Fishing in Maine.

To fellows like myself, who have to pound out more than 400,000 words a year at the typewriter, Vitapot is a hardy meal, which satisfies the body's food requirements and, at the same time, pleases the taste of the most particular.

Numerous visitors to Maine seldom fail to take home the recipe



When cranberry sauce comes to the table as "cranberry chicks" you can be sure of squeals from the youngsters and smiles from the oldsters. These plump little chicks are easy to make . . . just cut them from slices of Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce and use dots of cream cheese for the eyes.

10c + 1 Ocean Spray label brings you this "cranberry chick" cutter, designed exclusively for Ocean Spray. (Coin only, please . . . no stamps) sent to "Ocean Spray," Dept. AP47, Hanson, Mass

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END OF *Summer Beauty*

By Sally Young

AS THE end of summer changes imperceptibly into the first sparkling autumn days, your summer beauty begins to change, too. The glowing tan that was so flattering at the beach takes on a faded, dull, streaky look—unpardonable with smart new dark fall clothes that take you on your activities in town.

To help you rid your skin of summer "hangover" and replace that wilted look with new, radiant fairness, here are some suggestions and products to help you with your after-summer home treatment.

FOR very obstinate freckles and skin which has become leathery and weather-beaten as a result of over-exposure, there is a liquid stimulant which helps fade out discoloration and streakiness. It whips up the circulation, stimulates sluggish cells to new activity, and banishes muddiness and dullness.

Every skin reconditioning program should include a washing preparation as well. A gentle "friction wash" is excellent for getting rid of all that dry cuticle and dead skin that keeps flaking off after a summer outdoors. Mixed with warm water, such a friction wash forms a grainy paste which is applied to the face and neck—also excellent for shoulders, arms and back. Wonderful for beautifying elbows, too! It should be thoroughly rinsed away, and followed by a soothing, lubricating cream.

DON'T overlook the tub as an aid to your reclaiming program. Soothing, perfumed bath oils are an important factor in skin smoothness.

While in the tub, apply a mask. Nothing nicer for a quick pick-up before an important date. There are several that feel tingling and cool. If left on for about 20 minutes, then rinsed with skin lotion, you should come forth with a rosy-fresh skin.

FOR you shower addicts there's a friction lotion, a really wonderful body rub. This lotion has an extremely heavy oil content, which is also a delightful aid in keeping the skin soft and smooth.

For hair that has become lustreless, apply a little scented oil or brilliantine and brush it all the way to the tips of your tresses.

Unless your complexion is naturally oily, you'll need a heavy overnight cream, especially during this transition period if not always. Such a cream should have softening and refining qualities and leave your skin so baby soft that even the squint lines around your eyes are hardly discernible. If, on the other hand, your skin is naturally oily in most places, but has dry areas around the eyes, a rich eye cream may be all you need.

WHILE you're in the transition stage of fading tan, before you have perfected your new pink and white look for the new winter season, you may like to know about a very flattering bit of camouflage that many girls use. This is a softly tinted creamy coverall foundation that is cleverly concealing for hours and hours. Gives you a very glamourous make-up, too. Gives a soft radiance to your skin for evening.

There's a new purse-size plastic make-up kit in which to tote your transition make-up. It includes powder and harmonizing rouge and lipstick.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage

Not a shadow of a doubt—

You're poised, self-assured, because you *know* no tell-tale outlines show when you choose Kotex. The special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines...keep your secret safe. It's the napkin made to *stay soft* while you wear it! Just two of many important Kotex features, all *very personally yours.*

more women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, ask today for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's narrow . . . adjustable . . . all-elastic. Fits snugly . . . lets you bend without binding.

*U. S. PAT. OFF.

For soft, absorbent tissue ask for...

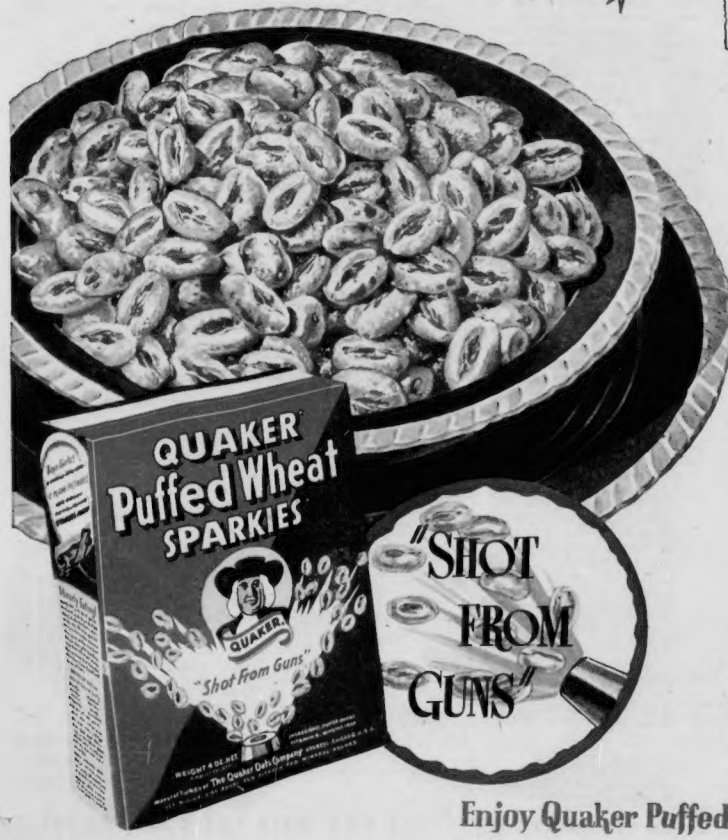
remember to say "SIT-TRUE"

THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP

GINGER ROGERS comes up with a rave for QUAKER Puffed Wheat Sparkies

"Wheat Shot from Guns Makes a Gorgeous Breakfast"

Starring in
"WILD CALENDAR"
An Enterprise Picture



GINGER: Hi, there, Mr. Quaker. You're the one who makes breakfast so nice for so many people. Long live the popularity of wheat shot from guns.

QUAKER MAN: Well, Ginger, that's a compliment worth getting. And the fact is that more people today are enjoying breakfasts of Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies than ever before. That's because with a food, the most important thing is quality. And only the premium grains of wheat are selected for Sparkies. Then these premium grains are shot from guns, actually exploded to 8 times normal size. Out they come, big, plump, luscious morsels the whole family loves.

GINGER: A person could get up quite an appetite just looking at Sparkies.

QUAKER MAN: Yes, Ginger, a breakfast of Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies with some milk and fruit is mighty tempting. But let the folks remember this, to get the original, crisp, fresh Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies, always look for the big red and blue Quaker package. It's never sold in bags or bulk. What's more, Sparkies has the additional food value of Vitamin B_1, Niacin and Iron restored. So for the best, insist on Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies.

Enjoy Quaker Puffed Rice Sparkies too!

AH! MY ABSORBINE JR.

For **FAST RELIEF,** help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● Lame and stiff and achey from overexercise? There's a time-proved way to ease that soreness *fast!* Just rub on Absorbine Jr.!

Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. But rub those muscles with Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation. Fresh invigorating blood supplies fresh nourishment . . . your stiff muscles loosen up . . . you feel like a different person!

Ask your druggist today for Absorbine Jr.—time-proved formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. A long-lasting bottle, $1.25. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Gray Hair

If your hair is graying, if it's drab and colorless, if it looks "washed out", or if you are not happy about the color of your hair, **CLAIROL** is your answer. *For **CLAIROL** is the world's most natural-looking hair coloring. Beauticians say, "**CLAIROL** often helps make a woman look ten years younger"—And in one quick treatment too. If you are unhappy with the hair coloring you are now using—if it gives your hair an artificial look—then you owe it to your "audience" to follow the advice of experts and switch to **CLAIROL** this very day.

** Proof that Clairol colors hair on nature's plan may be seen at Clairol Instruction Center, 529 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y.*

Caution: Use only as directed or the label.

This medicated soap is wonderful for your skin!

Helps relieve externally caused BLEMISHES RASHES

Fragrant Cuticura Soap helps relieve—and also helps guard your skin against irritation. Use with Cuticura Ointment for best results. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-185, Malden 48, Mass. **CUTICURA**

Selly Young's Column "End of Summer Beauty" Gives Helpful Suggestions and Products to Help Rid Your Skin of Summer "Hangover."

Care of RUGS

By Doris Denison

YOU will be repaid for consistent good care of your rugs with years of service from them. Learn the proper handling techniques for each type of rug you own, whether wool, cotton, or fiber. A minimum amount of daily care will keep them bright and new.

Pile Rugs

WOOL carpets today are so fabricated that they repel ordinary dirt and do not show footprints. However, a daily once-over lightly with a carpet sweeper to pick up surface dirt, crumbs and threads keeps the dirt from grinding into the back of the rug where real damage can be done. Under ordinary circumstances vacuum twice a week.

You may wish to have your rugs shampooed. This you may choose to do annually, although in the average case once every two years has been found to be sufficient.

If loose "fluff" appears on a new rug, do not be alarmed. It is merely the shearings of the surface which have nestled into the pile. It has no relationship to the construction of the floor covering. In time "fluffing" disappears entirely. You may find whole, short fibers raising their heads above the surface of a new rug or carpet. These, too, are not danger signals that the floor covering is about to become threadbare. But never yank out the rebels. Use a knife or scissors to cut them off at the proper pile height.

Be a moth watcher. Moths like to hide in dark corners. If the furniture is too heavy to move for frequent rug cleanings, spray underneath furniture regularly with a good moth killer.

Rug Pads

IT is obvious that your floor covering will get more wear where most of the walking is done—so change it around once or twice a year. The life of a carpet, or rug, can be greatly increased by the use of a good pad underneath. Rough, or uneven, floors cause early signs of wear as the rug is forced into the irregular surfaces. Good wool floor coverings are a big investment for the average pocketbook. It is only good sense to provide them with a good foundation.

Cotton Rugs

SMALL hooked rugs, rag rugs, and shaggy cottons can be successfully washed in a washing machine, if the colors are fast. First remove all loose dust with a broom or carpet sweeper, then wash in lukewarm water and a mild soap. Don't overload your washer and follow the manufacturer's directions about time. Five minutes should be enough for the average rug.

Starching rag rugs slightly after washing will keep the edges from curling.

Fiber and Grass Rugs

FIBER and grass rugs, like other rugs, should be cleaned daily with the carpet sweeper and vacuumed thoroughly once a week. However, it is important that these rugs be rolled up three or four times a year and the floor underneath cleaned. Then vacuum the rug on both sides and lay it back in position.

For All Rugs

QUICK action is in order when something is spilled on a rug. For ordinary stains, wring out a cloth in cold water and sponge off the spot before it has a chance to set.

If you are tempted to take up a rug and give it a good beating, resist this impulse. The dirt will come out, but so will the pile tufts. Don't shake your rugs either. You are likely to weaken the backing, break the threads, or strain the fibers.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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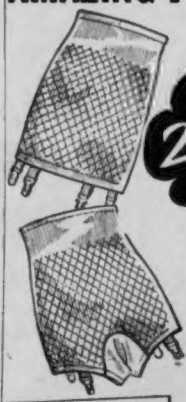
HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER



NEW NYLON 2-way stretch GIRDLE

WASHES "LIKE A DREAM"

Here's the new 2-way stretch girdle everyone is talking about . . . chock-full of sturdy built-in elastic, covered with that wonder-material Du Pont Nylon! You'll be thrilled by this fine-denier fabric that washes and dries so miraculously fast . . . never seems to wear out. And you'll be enchanted by the form-hug design that gently molds and controls embarrassing bulges. Makes you look slimmer, taller, feel better. Choose your NYLON girdle from two lovely styles . . . panty girdle with removable snap button NYLON crotch and removable garter straps, or the beautifully styled regular type. Four fashionable colors, nude, white, blue, and black. Sizes 16-36.

ENJOY THESE AMAZING FEATURES

- Nylon Fabric
- Non-Shrinking
- Dries in Minutes
- Long Wearing
- Form-hug Design
- Low Cost
- 2 Thrilling Styles

10 DAY FREE TRIAL — SEND NO MONEY

Examine and wear this soft, comfortable slendering NYLON girdle for 10 days without risk. You must be convinced that this is the biggest bargain in 2-way stretch girdle you have ever worn, or it costs you absolutely nothing. Send no money . . . just the coupon NOW!

ANNETTE FASHIONS CO., Dept. J 24
45 E. 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.

☐ Rush _____ NYLON girdles ☐ Panty, ☐ Regular I will pay postman only $3.98 each plus postage. Send _____ extra crotches at 49c each C. O. D. plus postage. If not completely satisfied I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Size: _____

Check color: ☐ Nude ☐ White ☐ Blue ☐ Black

☐ Check here if you enclose money now. We pay postage. Same refund guarantee.

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CITY _____ STATE _____

Set heads turning in this thrilling two-piece dress. Smooth, smartly fitted top that swoops into the fashionable fishtail back. Fabulously full, cuffed sleeves. Gleaming gold-colored buttons in front. Round young neckline. In rich rayon faille. Tile blue, brown, green, red, grey.

Rush coupon. We mail immediately. Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17. 12-14-16-18-20.

SEND NO MONEY • SENT ON APPROVAL

Broadway Fashions Dept. W21
599 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice	L AD

Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $5.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage.

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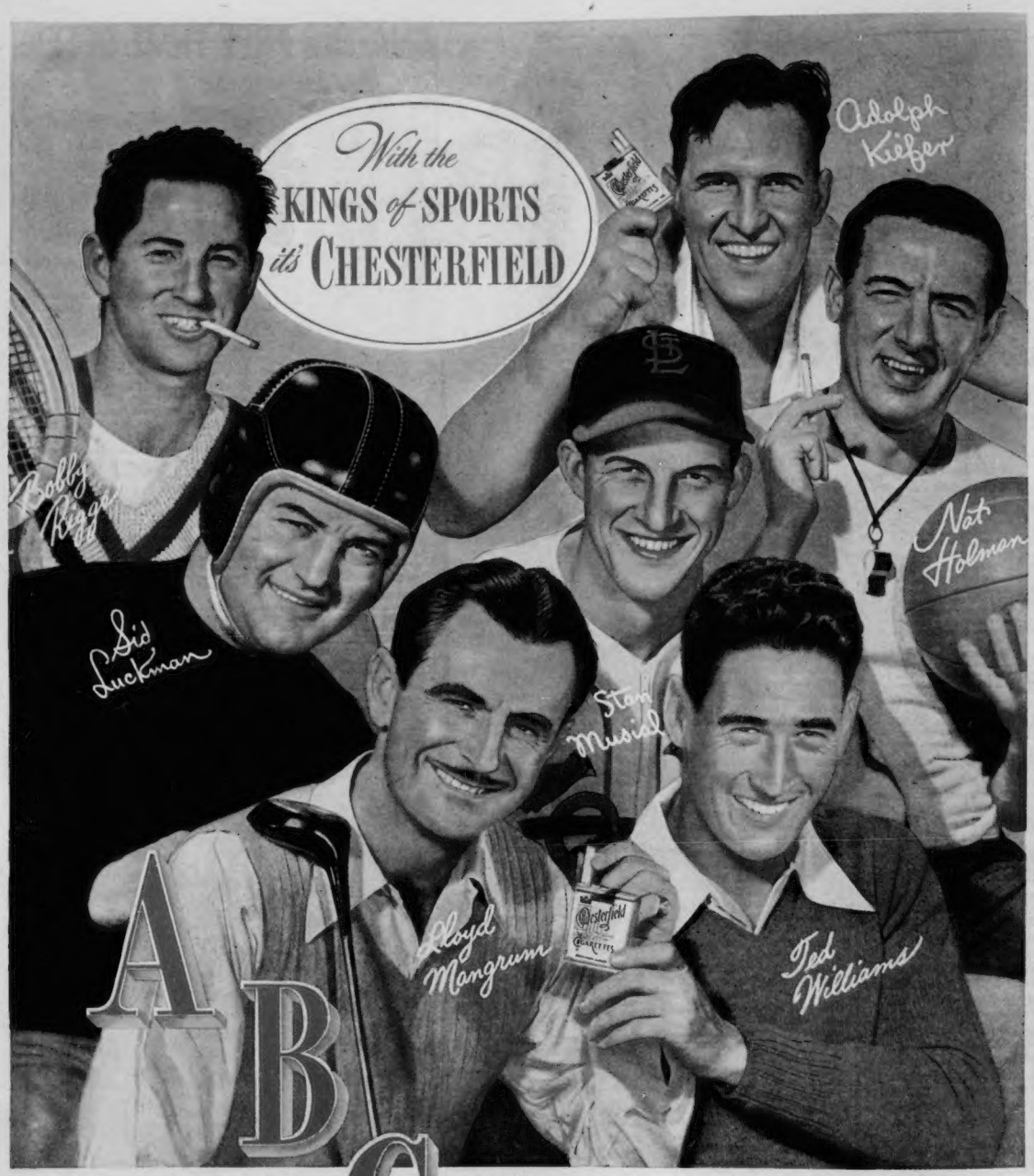
DIRECT BY MAIL FROM Broadway Fashions 599 BROADWAY • NEW YORK CITY



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B Better Tasting
C Cooler Smoking

The Sum Total of Smoking Pleasure

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